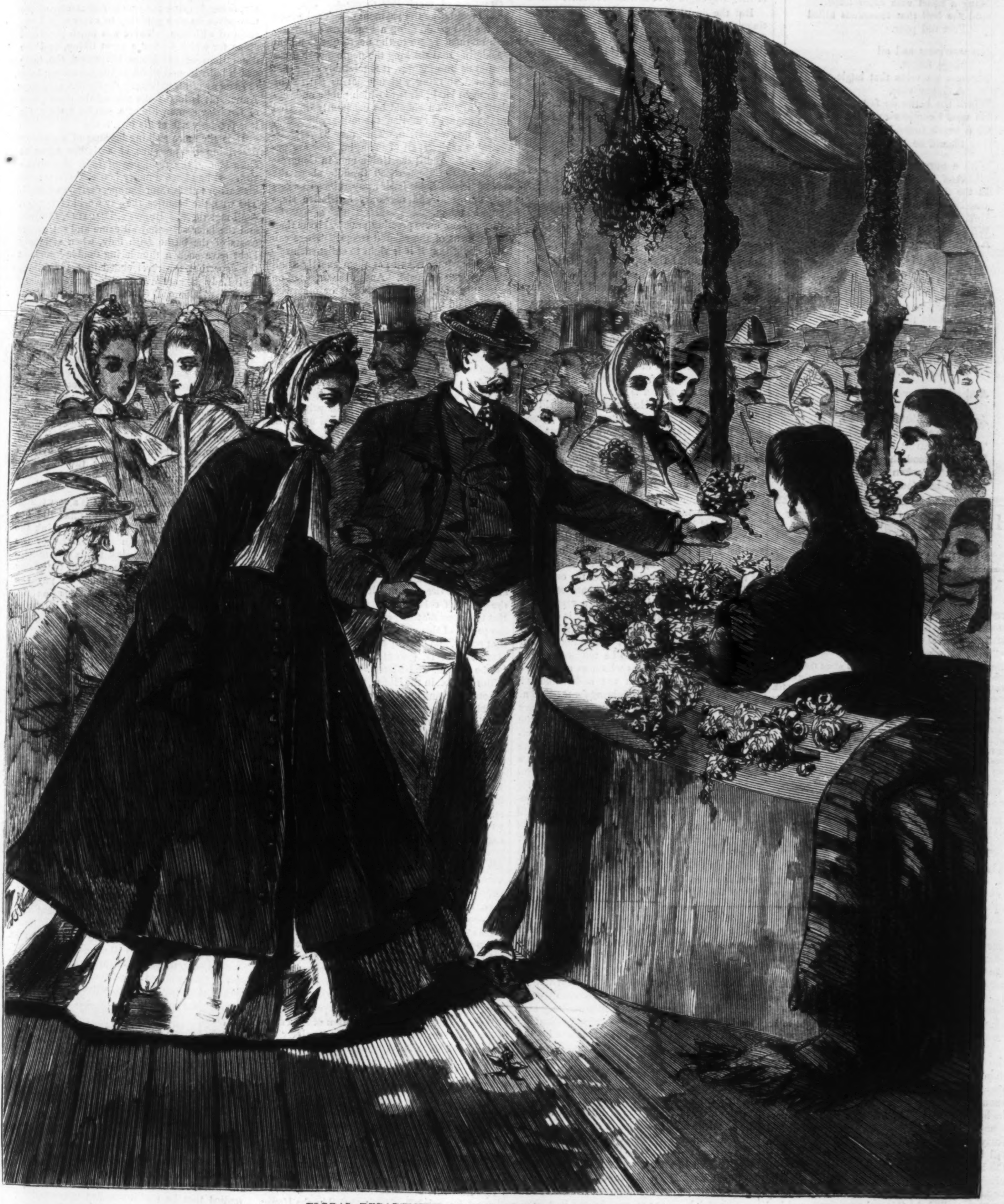
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. VIII.—No. 381.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864. [$1,00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



FLORAL DEPARTMENT OF THE GREAT FAIR.—[See Page 246.]

THE SOLDIER'S REST.

At the breaking of the morn
Fresh and fair,
When the brightness of the dawn
Lit the air,
The clangor of a horn
To the drowsy ear was borne
Of a soldier wan and worn
With toil and care.

Upspringing he arose
From the plain,
Where he sought a calm repose—
Sought in vain.
Forgets the sleep he wooes,
And with dauntless heart he goes
To fight his country's foes
Once again.

For that bugle-call had thrilled
Him before,
When the blackened air was filled
With the roar
Of the ruthless guns that stilled
Many a heart with ardor filled,
And the hail that thousands killed
Fast did pour.

His weariness and all
Were forgot,
Through his veins that bugle-call
A frenzy shot,
Where the blows do fastest fall
He would conquer over all,
Or a hero's funeral pall
Should be his lot.

With a purpose widely rash,
And hot desire,
In the fiercest fight he'd dash;
Ne'er retire.
He'd fight where sabres clash,
Where leaden bullets crash,
And belching cannons flash
Deadly fire.

When the day had almost gone,
And the night
Was kindly coming on
To hide the sight,
At the setting of the sun
A great victory was won,
But some precious blood had run
In the fight.

And where they closest press'd
O'er the ground
As their numbers did attest,
Strewn around
'Mid the bravest and the best
Who had stood the fiery test,
His last unbroken rest
He had found.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 16, 1864.

To Advertisers.

☞ The Prices for Advertising in *Harper's Weekly* will hereafter be as follows:

INSIDE pages, $1 00 per line; **OUTSIDE** page, $1 50 per line, *each insertion*, Cash.

Harper's Weekly has a circulation of about One Hundred Thousand Copies, which are scattered over the whole country. Every number is probably read by eight or ten persons, so that advertisements in its pages reach the eye of more individuals than advertisements in any other periodical. It is essentially a home paper, and is found in every country house whose inmates take an interest in the thrilling events of the day. It is not destroyed after being read, as daily papers are, but is kept, and in many cases bound, placed in a library, and referred to from time to time. Advertisers who wish to bring their business to the notice of the public at large, and especially of the householding class, can find no medium so suitable for their purpose as *Harper's Weekly*.

SHALL GENERAL M‘CLELLAN BE CALLED INTO SERVICE?

To supply the excitement which the quiet tone of the daily news at present fails to secure, those indefatigable gentlemen, the newspaper reporters, inform us from time to time that some retired General is about to have an active command. General M‘Clellan is the favorite hero of such rumors, and it is not without a sly sarcasm that the post to which the reporters assign him is the defenses of Washington. The story is readily believed by many who ask why, if General M‘Clellan be a good soldier, he should not be restored to some command; and whether a purely military personage ought to be set aside for political reasons?

The war has taught us all not to prophesy, and we do not say that General M‘Clellan may not be called into active service; but the reasons why he should not be are evident enough. One very conspicuous reason is that he has ceased to be exclusively a military personage, and has become the chief of a political party. Indeed he has been little else since he fell into the hands of political managers upon the Peninsula, who hoped by means of his popularity to restore themselves to power. The names of these managers are well known. They have controlled the General ever since, and had some difference among themselves as to the wisdom of the letter in favor of a Copperhead candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania. But the letter was written. The people of Pennsylvania rejected the advice and repudiated the candidate; while the military gentleman whose political sagacity and influence were to be revealed by that performance was left in a still more ludicrous position than when he sat down, with a magnificent army, to reduce Magruder's garrison at Yorktown. The managers of General M‘Clellan ought to be held to severe account by his admirers for the extremely bungling way in which he is brought before the public. The exhibition in Boston; the copious and incessant praise of Copperheads; the Woodward letter; and at last the report, which is simply a special plea to prove that the General is a man who would have done extraordinary things if only circumstances had not been so perverse, and which omits many facts of which the omission might be serviceable, except that they were all previously printed in the report upon the conduct of the war—all these are such blunders of management that the control of the new chief of the party ought to be intrusted to other hands.

But the decisive reason which should continue General M‘Clellan in retirement is the fact that he does not comprehend the war; and that although while in the field he professes to fight for the Union, yet his sympathies are with the system and the policy which are trying to destroy it. Consequently he does not approve the policy adopted by the Government for the overthrow of the rebellion, and in a very feeble and foolish letter, written to the President, he urged him not to take exactly the course which has been fully approved by the country. A civil war is not and never can be a mere question of fighting. Foreign wars, which involve merely questions of territory, or succession, or special insult or injury, may be waged exclusively by technical military means, by ships, armies, and guns. But a civil war, which involves a conflict of political principles or social systems, or the defense of natural rights, is not to be disposed of so readily. The contest in such cases is between the principles quite as much as the brute force. Your policy must aim not only at overcoming the form but the spirit of resistance. Thus South Carolina muttered rebellion in 1833. She was silenced by the thunder of Jackson's voice; but she was only silenced. Mere force could not make peace in such a case, any more than knocking off the fruit kills the tree. While the roots live the danger is untouched. So Romanist might conquer Huguenot in the field in the French wars. But the victory was no peace, it was only a truce. To-day we may beat the rebels in the field and hang Jefferson Davis. But Davis and rebellion are only blossoms upon the tree of Slavery. So long as you leave that you will have an endless crop of Davises and rebellions.

These are the elemental truths of this war, and General M‘Clellan has not yet seen them. Many of our generals who began fighting without believing that slavery had any thing to do with the war have long since accepted the logic of facts, and now heartily embrace the only possible policy for a Government in earnest. But General M‘Clellan is the chosen representative of those who believe that slavery is compatible with a free democratic republic, and that in this fierce struggle which it is making to ruin the country it ought not to be touched. How can a soldier be victorious who does not believe in his cause, or who can not understand it? Suppose he says that he is fighting for the Union. If, after the experience of seventy years of peace and three years of war, he still believes the Union possible with slavery, how can he effectively or heartily serve a Government which does not believe it? In the civil war between Charles Stuart and the Parliament Sir Thomas Fairfax was the first Parliamentary General. He was an honest man, but he believed in the monarchy; and of course the war languished until Oliver Cromwell took command. He did not believe in monarchy, and he ended the war. There was a reaction, indeed, and Charles Second returned. But then came a counter-reaction, and the supreme royal prerogative which Charles First fought for, and which Oliver Cromwell destroyed, from that time has disappeared. Fairfax may have been a better technical soldier than Cromwell. What then? Cromwell understood the cause, and believed in it. Fairfax did not. So, at the beginning of our Revolution, there were two candidates for the command of our army, George Washington and Charles Lee. Washington was a country gentleman, who had seen military service in his youth; Lee was an accomplished and approved soldier. It was the business of his life. If it had been a purely military question, Lee had the advantage. But his foreign birth, and the universal confidence in Washington's entire comprehension of the cause and devotion to it, decided the question. Lee afterward served in the army; but he was of little real use; for he had little faith in the cause or care for it. He was a soldier seeking his own advancement. Washington believed in the cause of America, and he won it. Suppose Lee had been put in command solely on the ground that he was a good soldier, what would have been the result?

General M‘Clellan may be the best soldier in the country. But unluckily for his claim, with the best opportunities in the world to prove it, he has not succeeded. On the other hand, the one thing he has proved beyond question is his sympathy with slavery and slaveholders and their friends, and his total want of faith in the policy of the war. Unless that policy is changed he could not honestly support it. Why then should he be asked to devote his military abilities to a cause which he does not approve? Until it is changed, therefore, his friends ought not to wish him to be recalled to the field. But when it is changed, when it becomes the policy of the American people to overthrow the rebellion of slaveholders by saving slavery, then General M‘Clellan will undoubtedly be made Commander-in-Chief. The hands that now manage him will then manage the country—and the Lord have mercy upon us!

CONGRESSIONAL LETHARGY.

There are two bills before Congress of the utmost importance, the passage of which should not be delayed, but which have been put aside for matters of much less moment. They are the bill regulating the payment of colored troops and the bill establishing a Freedmen's Bureau. Both of them relate to the negro question, but considering that shirking the negro question has brought us into the war, it is tolerably clear that continued shirking will not get us out. The three most vital points to which public and legislative attention should be constantly directed are the financial question, the military question, and the negro question. They may be very disagreeable subjects, all of them, but they are unavoidable. And if the Union men in Congress would let the Copperhead twaddle about the eternal negro dribble itself away at its own sweet will, the great and necessary legislative steps would be taken.

There is no more pressing practical issue than the payment of the colored troops. There can be no doubt that if it is right to enlist such soldiers it is wrong not to pay them exactly as all other soldiers are paid. And if the wages of an apprentice enrolled under a draft or otherwise are not paid to his employer, there is still less reason to pay the wages of a slave so taken to his master. Again, if the children of a poor non-slaveholder are liable to a draft without compensation to the parent, there is surely no reason why the slaves of a rich slaveholder should not be regarded and treated exactly in the same way. It is intolerable that in a republic any class whatever should be privileged, but it is inhuman that a class based upon the meanest injustice should be preferred. Nobody insists, not even those friends of man, the New York city Copperhead delegation in Congress, that the poor laborer at the North should be paid for his children who are taken into the army; but these gentry insist that it is very tyrannical and unconstitutional if a rich man on the border is not well paid for the slaves whose wages and work he has always appropriated to himself. The truth is that the Government should summon every man it wishes, black or white, and pay them all equally for an equal service. Until it is ready to do that the policy of colored enlistments is premature. But Congress may be perfectly well assured that the people of this country are fully prepared for that policy, and heartily approve it. Let Messrs. Garrett Davis, Powell, Saulsbury, & Co., in the Senate, and Messrs. Cox, Pendleton, Wood, & Co., in the House, therefore, talk about the eternal negro until they are tired, and then let the bill be promptly passed which shall wipe out the class distinction among citizens in the army of the United States, which, by not being wiped out hitherto wherever it appeared, has produced its inevitable consequence, civil war.

Nor is the other point of the Freedmen's Bureau less pressing or less practical. Statesmen and sensible men are to deal with facts, and the fact is that the overthrow of slavery, a natural and inevitable result of the war, has cast almost a race upon our hands. Under the circumstances we can not abandon them. We are bound to give them the same chance that all other people have, and to leave them alone is to deprive them of that chance. Our policy, therefore, should be universal and uniform. The freedmen are to be protected in their equal rights with other men and nothing more. They are not to be made serfs attached to the land; they are to be defended against the consequences of slavery as shown in their servile fear of the white race and against the contempt bred by slavery in the whites themselves, which holds that they have no rights to be respected. The effects of slavery and the condition of the emancipated slaves are every where effectively the same, and there is consequently not to be one policy in Louisiana, and another in South Carolina, and another in Alabama. The late slaveholders in all those regions are to be made to understand clearly that the colored people are free, and have exactly the same rights of respect and protection under this Government that they have. They are to make fair bargains with them and keep them fairly, or suffer the consequences, as we are all suffering the direful consequences of departure from this simple and equitable rule hitherto.

Mr. Eliot's bill, already passed by the House, is good; but Mr. Sumner's, which will be introduced in the Senate, is simpler and more comprehensive. There should be no delay in its ample consideration and prompt passage. The grave questions imperatively thrust upon the country by so wide and radical a social convulsion as the present war are not to be settled by scoffing and sneering and jeering on the one hand, or by shirking and drifting on the other. The Union men in Congress have the work to do, and they must do it without the least sympathy or help from the Copperheads. We have no reason to suppose that the Union men seriously differ in their convictions upon the necessities and duties of the times. But all legislative bodies have a dangerous habit of delay. Let us urge our friends to be active, firm, and careful.

No. 2 PALACE GREEN, KENSINGTON.

The late sale of Thackeray's furniture, books, pictures, and collections of every kind occupied four days, and excited great attention. The prices were very high; nor is it surprising, because the peculiar character of the man gives its own geniality to every object associated with him. There was much plate and china for which he had a great liking, and the decorations of his house illustrated the taste which built it, and which is the pervading tone of so many of his writings—the fashion of Queen Anne. It is impossible to read the description of the busy scene without a painful feeling, for it is precisely one of his own texts.

It is the more striking because of a passage describing his presence at a similar scene at Gore House, the residence of Lady Blessington. It had been a merry house. Willis, in his earlier letters from Europe, describes it well. The wits, the beauties, the gay world of London—all met there. Bulwer, Disraeli, Moore, and the later set—they all came and sat at the feasts of the blithe Irish lady, when suddenly Debt gave such a thundering double-knock at the door that the revel ended in a twinkling, and Lady Blessington, with her exemplary son-in-law, Count D'Orsay, crossed the channel to Paris. The sale at Gore House followed. The old habitués came to look their last. Thackeray came with the rest, and one can imagine with what feelings. His heart ached, we may be sure, as he saw for the last time the *cari luoghi*. His eyes shone kindly as his heart whispered, *Vanitas vanitatum*. But we need not imagine it only; we have the record. The French valet wrote about the sale to milady in Paris. He describes the crowd, the eagerness, the confusion; and he adds: "Mr. Thackeray came also, and there were tears in his eyes as he went away. He is, perhaps, the only person whom I have seen really affected at your departure."

It was very characteristic. It is a very touching scene to remember. Thackeray did not stand there censorious. He did not think the soft-hearted Irish woman the greatest or the best of beings, but he was just to his own memories. He owed many a pleasant hour to the gay rooms, and he was not ashamed to pay the tribute of regret. She was not Aspasia; no. But as he moves through the rooms, with moist eyes, can you not hear him humming,

> "Had I Homer's fire
> Or that of Sergeant Taddy,
> Meetly I'd admire
> Peg of Limavaddy.
> And till I expire,
> Or till I grow mad, I
> Will sing unto my lyre
> Peg of Limavaddy."

It is of *his* Gore House that we read now, and of those who come to look upon his *cari luoghi*. How many as they moved sadly about the rooms must have murmured his own words: "We moralize upon *his* life when he is gone, and yesterday's preacher becomes the text for to-day's sermon."

EQUALITY.

It was very amusing to read the report of the debate between Mr. Pendleton of Ohio, and Mr. Broomall of Pennsylvania, upon the Montana Territorial bill. The Senate made the very natural provision in that bill that only male citizens of the United States should vote. Now the pro-slavery gentlemen repose in great comfort upon what they call a decision of the Supreme Court that negroes are not citizens; so that if they really believe that the question is settled, they ought not to be troubled by a bill in which the word "white" would be sheer tautology.

So when Mr. Pendleton called attention to the fact that the word white had been stricken out, Mr. Broomall asked him why he was troubled, since the court had decided that negroes were not citizens? Mr. Pendleton replied that his anxiety was to know whether Mr. Broomall and his friends agreed with the court. Mr. Broomall asked him if he were not satisfied with the decision. Mr. Pendleton asked him in return whether he thought that it had been so decided. Mr. B. said that he had read so. Mr. P. still wished to know if Mr. B. thought so. Mr. B., according to the summary, replied that he was not called upon to review the decision. Whereupon Mr. Pendleton announced that his object in bringing the matter to a vote was to test the sincerity of the oft-repeated declaration of the Union men that they were not in favor of negro equality.

"Here's richness!" quoth Mr. Squeers over his skimmed milk. Here's statesmanship! We trust that Mr. Pendleton will have had his vote before this, and that every Union man in the House will be present, and in a clear voice declare that the Congress of the American people holds this truth to be self-evident that all men, including Ohio Copperheads as well as the brave brethren of Robert Smalls, and the black heroes of Milliken's Bend, Port Hudson, Fort Wagner, and Olustee, are created equal, and with an inalienable right to life and liberty so long as they behave themselves, and that the right to throw a vote shall not be determined by a man's height, nor the fashion of his clothes, nor the shape of his hat, nor the color of his skin.

It is quite time that this absurd talk about "negro equality" was ended. Does Mr. Pendleton believe in "French equality," or "Irish equality," or "Chinese equality?" Does he think a drunkard and degraded man of any nation, who can neither read nor write, who is a nuisance and a pest, has a higher claim to "equality" than Frederick Douglass? Let him be careful how he answers. *Noscitur a sociis.* Robert Smalls is a much more valuable and honorable citizen of the United States than Robert Toombs.

OLD AND NEW COPPERHEADS.

As an illustration of the utter extinction of the right of *free* speech, which, with all other rights and liberties in this country, the bloated tyrant Lincoln has annihilated in blood, we commend the following extract from a "Democratic" journal, the *Metropolitan Record*, a most faithful servant and expositor of the "Democracy" which consists in toadying slave-lords, and supporting the theory that *capital* ought to own *labor:*

> "As to the freedom and independence of the South *we have no apprehensions.* Her people can never be conquered, and, if that were possible, Abraham Lincoln is not the man to accomplish that subjugation. The address of the Virginia Assembly is a proof that the resolution which animated Virginia all through this war is as unbroken as ever; that there is no faltering, no wavering. In the eloquent words of this great document, '*Virginia takes no step backward.*'.......Grand old State, may we never see the day when you shall have to bow beneath the yoke of the oppressor! If that day should ever come, then will the friends of freedom, the lovers of true heroism and manhood, mourn over the sad fate of a great people, *who fell while fighting for liberty and independence*—fell on the same soil that gave birth to Washington, to one whose name should have been sufficient to save the great Commonwealth from *the tread of the heartless invader.*"

This is like the speech which Fernando Wood made last autumn at Bergen, in New Jersey, in which he said: "There is no such thing as rebellion under the institutions upon which the Government of this country is founded. Suppose New York chose to secede, who dare attempt to prevent her? Virginia has the same right as New York..........It is the duty of the people now to refuse to give another man or another dollar for the purpose of carrying on the war."

If any man asks why the Government, in the midst of a civil war, does not silence such talk, the reply is very obvious; because it is quite strong enough to tolerate it. But its constitutional right and power to send Fernando Wood to Fort Lafayette and to suspend the *Metropolitan Record* are as indisputable as its right to kill a rebel upon the battle-field. They are not derived from the clause which declares that treason shall consist in levying war, but in that which empowers the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* when, in time of rebellion and invasion, the public safety requires it. In such instances as these, and at this time, the Government rightly judges that the public safety does not require it. For the great mass of the American people feel toward such orators and newspapers as their fathers felt toward Bache's *Aurora*, which said of General Washington, when he retired from the Presidency: "The man who is the source of the misfortunes of our country is this day reduced to a level with his fellow-citizens......The name of Washington from this day ceases to give currency to political iniquity and to legalize corruption."

What the slanderers of Washington said of him their descendants, the Copperheads, now say of the Government of which he was a chief founder. They are equally safe in public contempt. They and their falsehoods will be equally held in the undying scorn of the American people.

GENERAL ORDER No. 28.

General Dix has issued a strict order against thieves. General Order No. 28 recites that his attention has been called to the fact that the county of Richmond (Staten Island), the town of West Farms, Westchester county, and several other towns have provided for a bounty of three hundred dollars to recruits, and that the authorities have provided that a hundred of this sum shall be paid to the recruit, leaving the disposition of the rest to be settled between the recruit and the bounty broker—in other words, giving the broker two hundred dollars.

This infamous connivance of the authorities with the bounty brokers whom the United States liberally pay for their services, General Dix wisely intends to stop summarily; and therefore orders that no enlisting officer shall receive any recruit who has not received the bounty raised for him in the county or town; and that no recruit shall be allowed to pay any part of his bounty to the runner, even though an agreement be shown, such agreements being almost always fraudulent. The General most properly holds that when a certain amount, per man, is levied upon a town or county as bounty money it must be paid to the recruit, and any other appropriation of it is unlawful. But if the money be raised upon conditions specifically stated, as for instance, that two hundred dollars shall be paid to the recruit and one hundred to the runner, then the General says that the only remedy for the recruit is to enlist where he is more liberally treated, and for the tax-payers to place their money in the hands of men who will not lavish it on runners and bounty brokers.

This is an admirable order, and we wish only that it had been earlier issued. The tax-payers of Richmond county especially have suffered grievously from this business. Notwithstanding that much of the money was subscribed upon the express condition that able-bodied young unmarried men should not be bought off, we learn that the quota of the county was bargained for with substitute brokers, and that a large share of the money raised has gone into their hands. But if strictly enforced General Dix's order will put an end to such proceedings, and, as he says, "protect recruits from the frauds practiced upon them," and also the tax-payers from the frauds to which they have been subjected.

THE BOOK TRADE AND THE FAIR.

We published last week a statement of the contributions made by the "Book Trade," up to the 25th of March, to the Fund of the Metropolitan Fair. Since that time the following additional subscriptions have been handed in to the Booksellers' Committee of the Fair, making an aggregate, so far, of about Eleven Thousand Four Hundred and Thirty Dollars from this source.

Carlton & Porter	$500
Eyre & Spottiswoode	250
W. I. Pooley & Co.	100
J. W. & G. D. Burnton (Cash)	100
M. W. Dodd	100
Am. S. S. Union, per Geo. S. Scofield, Agt.	100
Routledge, Warnes, & Routledge	100
P. O. Sika	25
James Pott, Agent	25
Chas. Probsting	20
Theo. Bernhard (Additional)	10
Alex. Fleming (Cash)	10
A. Turnbull (Additional Cash)	5

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

Senate.—*March* 30. Several bills were reported from committee and referred.—Mr. Sherman submitted a letter with details of the claim of Mrs. Mary Throckmorton for compensation for six negroes claimed as her own, which the District Commissioners of Emancipation could not allow, her husband being in the rebel army, though a son is an officer in the Union army.—Mr. Harlan reported a bill to aid a railroad in Iowa, from M'Gregor along the forty-third parallel to a point on the Missouri River, with a branch up Cedar Valley, toward Mankota, Minnesota, and one from Sioux City to Mankota, giving five alternate sections per mile.—Mr. Wade called up the House bill to provide a temporary Government for the Territory of Montana. Mr. Wilkinson offered an amendment to the sixth section, striking out the words "free white male inhabitants," and inserting "the male citizens of the United States, or those who shall have declared their intention to become such."—The morning hour expired, and the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the joint resolution amendatory to the Constitution. Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, made a speech against the measure.——*March* 31. The House bill to provide a temporary Government for the Territory of Montana was taken up, the pending question being to strike out the word "white" in the fifth section, defining the qualifications of voters and eligibility to office within the Territory. The amendment was adopted—22 to 17. After a brief debate the bill was passed—29 to 8.—Mr. Saulsbury then addressed the Senate on the joint resolution to amend the Constitution to prohibit slavery. Mr. Davis moved the following amendment as a substitute: "That no negro, or person whose mother or grandmother is or was a negro, shall be a citizen of the United States, or be eligible to any civil or military office, or any place of trust or profit under the United States." On this he called for Yeas and Nays, but no quorum voted.——*April* 1. Mr. Nesmith called up the bill to establish assay offices at Carson City, Nevada, and Dalles City, Oregon, and moved an amendment establishing a branch mint at Portland, Oregon, instead of an assay office at Dalles City. He advocated this motion at some length.—Mr. Powell endeavored to obtain the floor to get up his resolution calling on the Secretary of War for information in regard to the churches and property of Christian denominations taken possession of by his own orders or the orders of generals of the army. Several Senators desired to get up other bills.—The Senate, after a long executive session, adjourned until Monday.——*April* 4. A resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Foreign Relations to consider the expediency of so amending the Neutrality Laws as to make them reciprocal to each Government, extending entire neutrality to those which return the same, and to others the exact measure of neutrality which they extend to us.—Mr. Sumner reported a bill to establish a Bureau of Emancipation.—A bill for the adjustment and satisfaction of claims for spoliations committed by the French prior to July 31, 1801, was reported. This bill provides satisfaction to the amount of five millions of dollars for damages through seizures, detentions, and captures made by the French. It does not favor claims embraced in the Convention of 1803, nor those in the treaty of 1819 between the United States and Spain, nor those in the treaty of 1831 with France.—The House bill providing for the enlistment of residents of one State into the regiments of other States was taken up. Mr. Grimes opposed the bill. Under it, he said, States unsuccessful in filling their quotas could go into the States in rebellion and enlist colored men who had been slaves to make up their deficiencies. To this he had a decided objection, as it would make confusion worse confounded and demoralize our army. Mr. Sherman also opposed the bill, and Mr. Trumbull believed its passage would produce great mischief. Mr. Wilson argued in its favor, on the ground that it would secure thousands of men for our armies from the States partly under rebel control. No vote was reached.—The joint resolution to amend the Constitution so as to abolish slavery was taken up, and Mr. Howe spoke in favor of the measure.——*April* 5. A bill for the collection of taxes in the insurrectionary districts, with amendments striking out the provision authorizing grants of forty-acre lots to soldiers, and that empowering the Tax Commissioner to set aside sales deemed to be unfairly made, was reported.—Mr. Anthony submitted an amendment to the bill for the relief of the Justices of the Supreme Court and District Courts at the age of seventy, if they desire it; giving Justices of the Supreme Court from $4000 to $6000, according to the length of their official service, and three-fourths of their salaries to Justices of the District Courts, provided such salaries shall not be less than $2000 each in cases where the service has exceeded fifteen years.—The joint resolution to amend the Constitution came up as the prior order. Mr. Johnson spoke with great force and eloquence in favor of the removal of slavery, which has produced so much mischief. Mr. Davis's amendment, that "no negro person whose mother or grandmother is or was a negro shall be a citizen of the United States, or be eligible to any civil or military office, or any place of trust or profit under the United States," was rejected, as were other amendments offered by Messrs. Powell and Davis.

House.—*March* 30. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the National Bank bill, and a number of amendments to the thirtieth section, principally as to the rate of interest, were adopted.—The House then proceeded to consider the bill for the reconstruction of States subjugated by the rebellion, Mr. Ashley advocating its passage.——*March* 31. Mr. Shannon reported the Senate bill, which was passed, for the better organization of the Department of Indian Affairs in California.—The House then resumed the consideration of the bill, declaring the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad to be a Post and Military road. Mr. Garfield advocated the measure, when the subject was passed over, and the House went into Committee on the National Bank bill. Mr. Stevens offered a substitute for the thirtieth section, with a view to restore the 7 per centum interest on loans, accounts, etc., the Committee having the day before reduced it to six, which was agreed to. The substitute, in effect, restores the original thirtieth section, which provides that every association may receive, charge, or retain on any loan or discount made, or upon any note, bill of exchange, or other evidence of debt, interest at the rate of 7 per centum per annum. The knowingly taking, receiving, or charging a greater rate of interest is to be held and adjudged as a forfeiture of the entire interest. Those paying it may recover back in an action of debt twice the amount of interest thus paid. The section designating the places of redemption was amended so as to include St. Louis, Louisville, Chicago, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, New York, San Francisco, Detroit, Pittsburg, Albany, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Portland, and Buffalo. Mr. Eldridge moved an amendment, proposing that the notes be redeemed in gold. No further action was taken on the bill.——*April* 1. Mr. Wilson asked leave to introduce a bill regulating commerce among the several States. It declares that each and every railroad company is authorized to transport freight and passengers from one State to another, any thing in the laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding. Objection was raised.—Mr. Blaine introduced a bill to provide for refunding to loyal States certain sums of money expended by them in raising, organizing, and equipping troops for the Union army. It provides for a Board of three Commissioners to hold sessions in Washington, and report to Congress the ascertained sums due the States, towns, cities, and counties. The bill was referred.—Mr. Eliot reported a bill fixing the rules for preventing collisions on the water, by signals, fog whistles, etc. Mr. Eliot explained that the object of the bill was to contribute toward a uniform international code of rules. The importance of such a code had for a long time been felt by the parties interested, but up to this time none had been established by this Government. The bill was passed.—A bill regulating the admeasurement and tonnage of ships and vessels of the United States was passed.—A bill was passed providing that the name of the Collection District of Presque Isle be changed to the District of Erie.—Another bill was passed exempting from the payment of tonnage duties after August 1 next, all canal-boats, freight-barges, scows, and other crafts without masts, and confined to tide-water or within certain bounds.—Mr. Ward reported a joint resolution to give notice of terminating the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada at the end of twelve months from the expiration of ten years from the time the treaty went into operation.—The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the National Bank bill. The Committee struck out, by a vote of 54 against 30, the ninth section, which provided that no association shall pay out or put in circulation the notes of any bank or banking association not authorized by this act.——*April* 2. Mr. Pendleton called up his motion to reconsider the vote by which the House disagreed to the Senate's amendment to the Montana Territory bill, and asking a Committee of Conference. He said that the Senate's amendment striking out the word "white" was to give negroes the right to vote in the Territory. He therefore wanted the House to adhere to its disagreement. Mr. Beaman moved to lay Mr. Pendleton's motion to reconsider on the table. Agreed to by yeas 63, nays 49.—The House then resumed the consideration of the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad bill. Mr. Sweat spoke against the Bill, believing it had no warrant in the Constitution of the United States or laws of the country. The subject went over with the expiration of the morning hour.—The House then went into Committee of the Whole and resumed the consideration of the National Bank bill, and acted upon several amendments.——*April* 4. A resolution calling on the Secretary of War to inform the House as to the amount of money received as commutation for drafted men, and the disposition made of the same, was laid on the table.—A resolution calling for information as to the number of negroes enlisted, the cost of their enlistment, etc., was also laid on the table.—Mr. Davis, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported the following joint resolution, which, after remarks from Messrs. Davis, Brooks, and Cox, was unanimously adopted: "*Resolved*, That the Congress of the United States are unwilling by silence to leave the nations of the world under the impression that they are indifferent spectators of the deplorable events now transpiring in the Republic of Mexico; therefore, they think it fit to declare that it does not accord with the convictions of the People of the United States to acknowledge a Monarchical Government erected on the ruins of any Republican Government in America, under the auspices of any European Power."—The consideration of the National Bank bill was resumed. Mr. Blaine offered a new section, which was adopted, "That 7 per centum, as fixed under the thirtieth section of this bill, shall be deemed the lawful rate of interest in States where no rate is established; but each bank shall be governed by the State law where it is located."——*April* 5. Mr. Arnold reported a bill, which he explained to be a bill amendatory of the Post-Route act of July, 1862, and providing for the construction of two bridges over the Ohio River, to enable the railroads of Indiana and Illinois to meet those on the banks of the Ohio in Kentucky, and for the security of navigation by directing the bridges to be built from 260 to 300 feet high. The bill, after some debate, was recommitted.—A resolution directing the Military Committee to report a bill increasing the pay of privates of the army, was referred.—Mr. Rice asked for the Committee on Naval Affairs leave of absence for ten days from the 7th, in order to visit the West for the purpose of examining several sites for a Navy-yard on the Mississippi and its tributaries. The request was laid on the table.—The House then went into the Committee of the Whole on the National Banking bill. Several amendments were adopted, when the Committee reported the bill to the House. Mr. Stevens offered a substitute substantially the same as amended, but fixing the rate of interest at 7 per centum, and omitting the clause giving to the States the privilege to tax the capital stock.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

Operations in the Southwest are actively continued. The armies of Generals A. J. Smith and Banks have effected a junction at Alexandria, Louisiana, the enemy retreating to Shreveport by land. Our gun-boats seized over 4000 bales of cotton, and vast quantities were still coming in. Two steamers, with 3000 bales of cotton, were burned by the rebels to prevent their falling into our hands. The magazines at Fort de Russey were blown up by General Smith on the 16th ult. On the 21st ult. a reconnoissance was made under General Mower to Henderson's Hill, a place twenty-four miles above Alexandria, where the enemy was surprised, and our forces captured 282 prisoners, including twenty commissioned officers; one full battery, Edgar's Texas Artillery, four pieces, two 6-pound and two 12-pound howitzers; several wagons; 150 good horses, embracing 36 fine artillery horses with complete harness and other necessary equipments. Franklin, Louisiana, has been evacuated by our troops, and the Government stores removed to Brashear City.

From Texas we hear that Indianola was evacuated on the morning of the 13th of March. With the troops several Union families, principally Germans, left, taking with them in some instances the lumber of their tenements, as they had taken the oath of allegiance, with the expectation that the army would remain. The troops, under General Fitz Henry Warren, took the land route, crossing the bayous by pontoon ferries. In doing so thirty-four men and two horses were drowned by the swamping of the boats. General M'Clernand had gone down the coast to make a visit to Arkansas Pass and Brownsville.

Ten thousand effective troops have marched south from Fort Smith, Arkansas. The whole number in the department under General Steele, now moving southward, is from 30,000 to 35,000. This force, it is supposed, will unite with those of Banks and Smith in some movement in Northeastern Texas.

MISCELLANEOUS.

General Grant, accompanied by Generals M'Dowell and "Baldy" Smith, last week visited Fortress Monroe, and had a conference with General Butler. General Smith will have command of the troops and personally conduct military operations in General Butler's Department.

Over 900 rebel deserters came into Chattanooga during the month of March. The receipts of deserters have fallen off for a few days past.

Two rebel steamers, loaded with cotton, have been captured on Lakes George and Harney, in Florida, by Federal expeditions from Pilatka.

Operations against Fort Powell, near Mobile, have been suspended for the present.

Robert Ould, the rebel Commissioner of Exchange, last week visited Fortress Monroe and had an interview with General Butler. The interview was cordial and pleasant. An arrangement for the further exchange of prisoners was effected.

A serious riot occurred last week in Coles county, Illinois. An armed body of "butternuts," over 1000 strong, marched into the town of Charleston, and without provocation assailed a body of soldiers whom they found there. The Union citizens armed themselves and went to the help of the soldiers, when a fight ensued, in which several persons were killed. Subsequently the "butternuts" took up an intrenched position, whence they threatened to advance upon the towns of Mattoon and Charleston. A large body of military, however, was sent to the scene, and the rioters were dispersed, a considerable number of them being taken prisoners.

The rebels have appeared in some force at Grand Junction and Somerville, Tennessee, and at the latter place defeated a Federal cavalry force with some loss.

No demonstration has yet been made by the enemy in front of our position at Chattanooga. They are said, however, to be moving a large force of Cavalry below Ringgold, Georgia.

A report was in circulation at Vicksburg on the 28th ult., to the effect that Polk's rebels were taking up their old lines on the Big Black and Yazoo.

Several troopers belonging to Dahlgren's command, captured near Richmond, have succeeded in effecting their escape and rejoining their regiments.

THE SPRING ELECTIONS.

The State election in Connecticut on the 4th instant resulted in the success of the Union ticket by over 5000 majority, a gain of nearly 3000. The gains in some of the larger towns were unexampled. The Legislature is about three-quarters Union. In the Senate there are but three Democrats.

In St. Louis, on the 4th, the Radical candidate for Mayor was elected by 2500 majority.

In Leavenworth, on the 4th, the municipal election was attended by a serious riot. The "Conservative" candidates were elected, having driven the friends of the opposing ticket from the polls.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN WAR.

On the 18th ult. three Prussian men-of-war attacked the Danish blockading squadron off Greifswalde, and after an engagement of two hours the Prussians returned to the harbor. The Danish Government has decreed the release of the Hanoverian ships under embargo in Danish ports. From the 17th to the 19th ult. there was heavy cannonading all along the line of Düppel, and the Sonjeberg portion was carried by the Prussians after a severe assault. Düppel was still unharmed. The Germans have abandoned the siege of Frederica, after burning part of the town by their bombardment. Fresh disturbances have taken place in Stockholm, the object of which was to force the Government to conclude an offensive alliance with Denmark. The King of Denmark has declared that he is ready to do any thing to obtain peace, but he would never submit to humiliation.

The Conference proposed by England, without a detailed basis or armistice, has been accepted by Austria and Prussia. The territorial integrity of the Danish monarchy under the present dynasty will be maintained. The Conference is to meet at once.

MAXIMILIAN AND THE REBELS.

The Emperor Maximilian would embark for Mexico on the 13th of April. It was rumored that a line of policy, embracing entire neutrality as regards American affairs, had been agreed upon between Napoleon and Maximilian. During Maximilian's visit to Paris, Mr. Slidell applied by letter to him for an audience. After consulting his Imperial host, Maximilian firmly but courteously declined to grant it. The rumors, therefore, of an early recognition of the Confederate States by France and Mexico, and an alliance between the latter empire and the Southern Confederacy, are altogether devoid of foundation.

THE PIRATES.

The pirate *Florida* was at Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, March 4, and coaled and left on the 5th. The United States sloop-of-war *St. Louis* arrived in pursuit on the 6th. A decision had been made in England in the *Pampero* case, which sends it to trial on its merits, and refuses the motion for an appeal to the House of Lords. Four new and very swift blockade runners were on the point of leaving Liverpool to engage in the nefarious business.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Garibaldi had embarked from Caprera on the 22d of March, and was expected at Southampton shortly.

In the elections in the fourth and fifth Conscriptions of Paris, the Opposition candidates were chosen by large majorities.

The Earl of Aberdeen died on the 22d of March. Lord Ashburton is also dead.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

It appears from an official communication of the Secretary of War that the strength of the forces in Kansas and the Indian Territory, subject to the order of General Curtis, is 16,000 men.

There are 162 Colonels now commanding brigades, without including those temporarily commanding in the absence of the proper brigade commanders.

All sutlers have been ordered to leave the Army of the Potomac.

General Ord, specially brought on from Texas for the purpose, is to command the forces in Western Virginia in the field, ranking General Sigel in this respect. General Sigel is to be in command of the Department, but will not conduct active military operations.

General Banks has issued an order establishing a bureau for the instruction of freedmen in Louisiana.

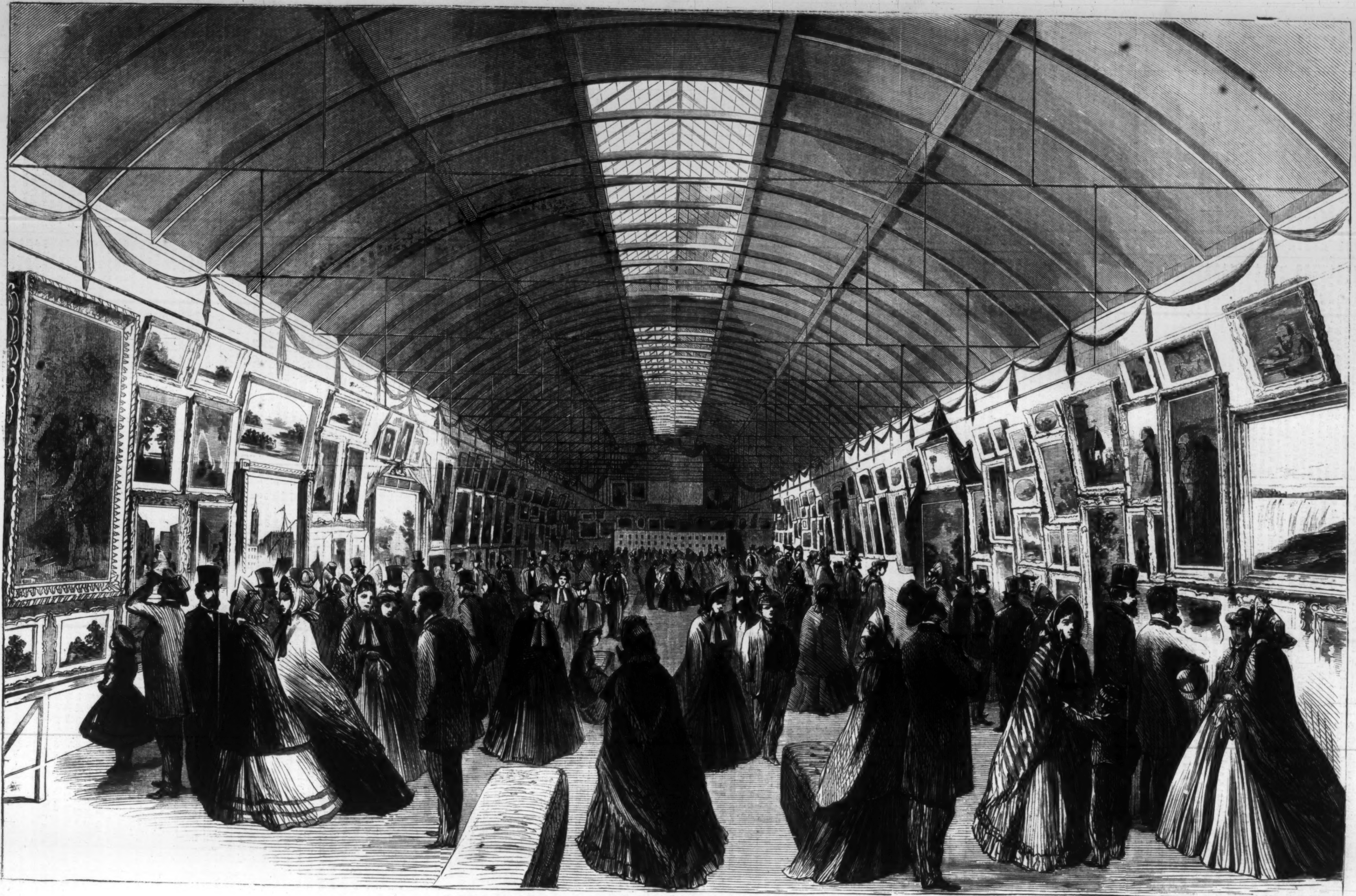
The Fifth Regiment New York Volunteers has given to the army no less than five Major and Brigadier Generals, to wit: Abram Duryee, G. K. Warren, J. M. Davies, Judson Kilpatrick, Henry E. Davies.

It is said that General Buell will succeed General Schofield in command of the Department of the Ohio.

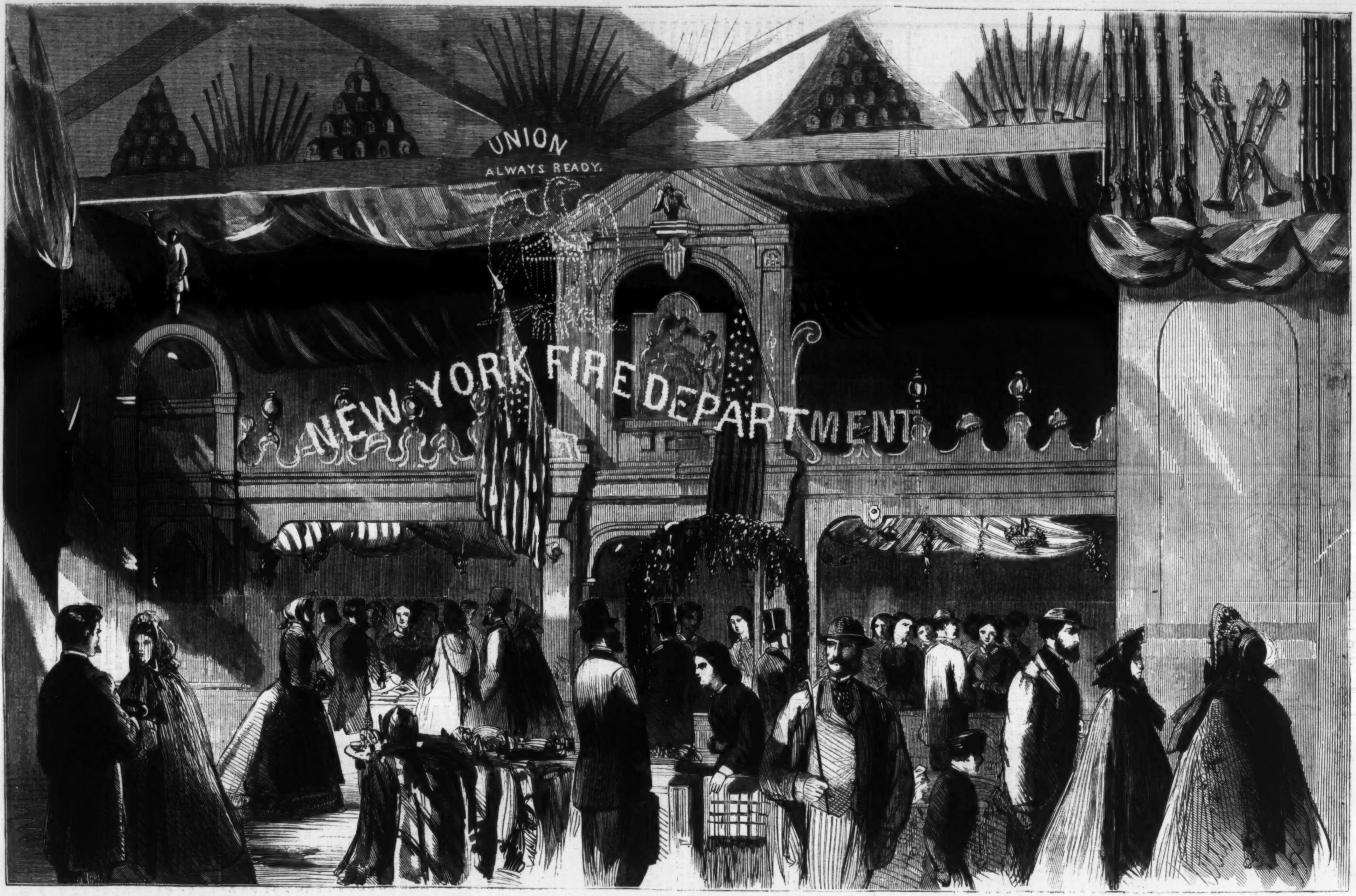
General Carleton has been relieved from his command in New Mexico and Arizona, and a court of inquiry has been ordered in his case.

In the First Michigan Regiment of sharp-shooters there are two companies of full-blooded Chippewa Indians.

Our gun-boats have established a blockade at the mouth of the Red River.



PICTURE-GALLERY OF THE FAIR, FOURTEENTH-STREET BUILDING.—[See Page 246.]


UNION
ALWAYS READY.
NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT IN THE FAIR.—[See Page 246.]

THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

THE METROPOLITAN FAIR, which opened on the 4th instant, is in every respect a demonstration worthy of the large-hearted and patriotic benevolence of the commercial metropolis of the country. The opening display, in which all the military in the city participated, was magnificent, attracting universal attention. For the most part, business throughout the city was suspended, and the streets were in holiday attire, gay with flags and banners and great throngs of enthusiastic citizens. The military procession embraced some 8000 infantry, with 2000 cavalry and artillery. The United States troops were commanded by Major-General DIX, and the Volunteers and State militia by General SANDFORD. The display on Broadway was in every respect the finest which has been witnessed since the reception of the PRINCE OF WALES some years ago.

The inauguration ceremonies took place on Monday evening. After prayer by Rev. Dr. WILLIAM ADAMS, and the singing of the Star-Spangled Banner, and the Army Hymn, composed by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, General DIX, on behalf of the Gentlemen's Executive Committee, formally presented the contents of the Fair to the Ladies' Committee. In his remarks, which were warmly applauded, he complimented in high terms the zeal and enthusiasm displayed by the women of the North in their labors for the relief of our suffering soldiers. Mr. JOSEPH H. CHOATE, in behalf of the ladies, responded to the speech of General DIX; after which the ceremonies were concluded by the singing of "Old Hundred" by the entire audience.

We give in this number a series of admirable views of some of the principal features of the Fair, together with an illustration of the grand opening, and a diagram showing the location of every department and section of the main building on Fourteenth Street.

THE GRAND HALL,

as we give it on pages 248 and 249, presents a picture which can be fully appreciated only when seen from the point from which our artist has made his sketch. The whole interior is one mass of decorations and beautiful displays of tasteful ingenuity. Every available inch of space is filled, and every branch of business is represented in the goods offered on exhibition and sale. An inventory merely of the articles on exhibition in this building would occupy pages of our paper.

Among the many pleasant and attractive features of the Fair, none probably surpasses

THE FLORAL DEPARTMENT

(illustrated on page 241), which occupies the centre of the principal building. The structure is of elliptical form, about twenty-five feet in length, and twenty-eight in diameter. The symmetrical pillars are wreathed with flowers, and moss, and evergreens, while flowers of every hue and name are again trained up on spiral wreaths, blending most tastefully with the darker tracery of the columns. The show-counters stand about three feet from the ground, and are handsomely paneled. From those counters double rows of columns ascend to the dome, which is one mass of evergreens and floral decorations. A smaller temple—a Temple of Liberty—surmounts the larger one, and this is reached by a spiral staircase, which is but one path of flowers. On the upper frieze-work of the temple the names of the more glorious battles of the war are designated, that of *Gettysburg* being prominently presented. The names of other battles follow in the order of prominence, as follows:

GETTYSBURG. ANTIETAM.
FORT DONELSON. VICKSBURG.
PORT HUDSON. NEW ORLEANS.
PORT ROYAL. ROANOKE.
SHILOH. CHATTANOOGA.

The names are wrought with different-colored immortelles, Gettysburg being in crimson flowers, Vicksburg red, Antietam blue and white, Roanoke yellow and white, etc.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT,

illustrated on page 245, occupies the northeastern corner of the main building. The stand is 60 feet in length, and is covered with a canopy of flags reaching to the roof of the building. An ornamental front of exquisite design hangs down to within six feet of the counter. The apex of the front is ornamented with hooks, ladders, brass pipes, lanterns, and hose, and arranged in such a manner as to represent the rising sun. Underneath is the motto "Union," constructed of gas pipes, which is lighted at night, and produces a brilliant effect. A large transparency overhangs the counter, and at night attracts great attention. Immediately over the centre of the counter is an extensive panel containing the coat of arms of the State of New York in alto relief. On each side hang signal-lights of the various steam-engines set between shields bearing the names of the principal battles in which the Fire Zouaves were engaged—"Antietam," "Gettysburg," "Fair Oaks," and "Malvern Hill," overhanging the counter to the north, and "New Orleans," "Port Hudson," "Vicksburg," and Chattanooga to the south. This department is crowded with every variety of rare and costly offerings. The arrangement was made under the direction of Mr. JAMES L. MILLER, and reflects the highest credit on his taste and skill.

THE PICTURE-GALLERY,

Of which we give a view on page 244, is an eloquent witness of the wealth, magnificence, and progress in art and refinement of the greatest city of the Western continent. The upper division of the main hall—by far the largest part—is devoted to the more massive of oil-paintings, of immense value, lent by citizens for the whole period of the exhibition. These paintings are all carefully labeled with the subject of the work, the party to whom each at present belongs, and the artist whose brush produced it. The value of these paintings alone exceeds $400,000. Among the paintings exhibited are LEUTZE'S "Washington crossing the Delaware;" CHURCH'S "Heart of the Andes;" BIERSTADT'S "Rocky Mountains;" HUNTINGTON'S "Mercy's Dream;" GIGNOUX'S "Indian Summer," with others of the old and modern masters. The collection of engravings in the lower section of the upper gallery embraces selections from the galleries of GOUPIL & Co. The photographic section includes photographs of our most eminent men. Among others the following are conspicuous: A fine photograph of Secretary STANTON. Portrait of Secretary WELLES. Portraits of Generals GILLMORE, SHERMAN, KILPATRICK, HALLECK, CUSTER, DE TROBRIAND, MEAGHER, and PLEASANTON, and groups of American, English, French, Italian, and Russian sailors.

Every visitor to this Department will carry away with him higher estimates of the beautiful, and a keener appreciation of its exalted ministry in embellishing and purifying human thought and life.

THE NEW JERSEY DEPARTMENT,

presented on page 252, is eminently creditable to the loyal men and women of that State, who for weeks have labored with unwearied enthusiasm in preparing for this event. The arrangement of the Department, which was under the direction of CROPSEY, the painter, who gave himself for a fortnight to the work, is at once tasty and effective, while the goods on exhibition embrace a vast variety of offerings, representing almost every department of production and home manufacture. This Department occupies a space of 90 feet on the northwest end of the wing toward Fifteenth Street; over the whole the name of the State spans a large portion of the wall, the letters being in the national colors, red, white, and blue, and arranged in segment form. Under this is a large American eagle bearing the shield of the United States in his talons, and surrounded by a multitude of flags artistically arranged. Under this, and over the tent occupied by the Soldiers' Department, is another shield, upon which the arms of the State are depicted, and on both sides are hung tablets with the names of the counties inscribed upon the blue ground. American streamers float between. In the corner at the extreme right is the Cockloft Summer House—a fac-simile of the original, which IRVING and PAULDING have celebrated in their "Salmagundi"—and at the extreme left an Alhambra, the intermediate space being occupied by bazaars representing the four seasons, in which goods appropriate to those seasons are sold. The Cockloft Summer House is adorned by some picturesque surroundings, including a little garden with plants from the place where the original stood (at Newark, New Jersey), and some ivy from Sunny Side. Inside this house are a great variety of memorials, including a table upon which Mr. IRVING wrote.

In the *Union-Square Buildings*

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

is one of the most interesting features. The department is handsomely decorated, and has an immense assortment of toys, baby-dresses, musical instruments, rocking-horses, baby-houses, fruits, confectionery, etc., making it a bazaar, a museum, and a curiosity shop all in one. This department occupies the eastern end of the building. A platform advantageously situated, and ornamented with banners and paintings, affords the necessary conveniences for tableaux, concerts, and other entertainments given by the children. No visitor to the Fair should fail to look in upon the little folks, and participate in the joy of their carnival.

Another department in the Union-Square Buildings,

THE KNICKERBOCKER KITCHEN,

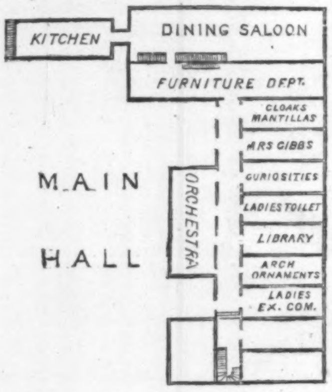
attracts deserved attention. All the appointments of the Kitchen are of the antique pattern, not excepting the chimney ornament, in the person of an old negro, who discourses music from a violin for all who care to hear it. The wood-fire burning on the hearth—the old crane and pot hanging over the flame—the iron candlesticks on the mantle shelf—the deal dresser scrubbed into whiteness—the old crockery cracked and marked with the wear of a hundred years—the long low settees—the old bed with its curious coverlet—all remind the spectator of the time when the Knickerbockers reigned supreme through the bounds of Manhattan. The meals, too, spread on the Kitchen tables, are precisely such as the fathers sat down to daily in the olden time.

THE INTERNATIONAL DEPARTMENT

is one of the largest in the Fair, all nations being represented. Upon the window-screens are the arms of Russia, Great Britain, France, Austria, Prussia, Denmark, Belgium, Hamburg, Turkey, Sweden, Greece, Poland, Spain, Bavaria, Germany, Ireland, Brazil, Mexico, Ionian Isles, and Venezuela.

THE RECEIPTS OF THE FAIR

for the first two days amounted to $150,000. On the second day over 13,000 visitors were present.



GALLERY OF THE FOURTEENTH-STREET BUILDING.

CORPORAL SIMPSON'S STORY.

"IT was a grand ride and adventure—that we had last week!"

The boys drew closer to the fire; they knew my story was worth hearing, and, lighting their pipes, got ready to listen.

"Yes, a right jolly ride! You remember, boys, that on the 25th of March Captain Gere, of the Griswold Light Cavalry—you have fought at their side more than once—was sent out with a hundred or so of men to the neighborhoods of Berryville and Winchester on a scout. Well, we encamped at Millwood, a straggling sort of place, you remember, about seven miles from Berryville. After the fires were built, rations not being over-plenty, Dick Weatherbee, sergeant, private Harry Johnson, and myself determined to indulge in a little foraging on our own account, and in prosecuting our laudable purpose went some two miles from camp to a farm-house, where we ordered supper from an old woman, apparently the only occupant of the premises. She didn't seem to care about giving us what we wanted, but we sat down resolutely by the fire, giving her to understand that we meant to stay until our wants were supplied; and so at last she went about preparing us a meal. She moved very slowly, however, and seemed feverish and uneasy, as if she was waiting for something she did not wish us to know about. Finally, however, the supper was ready, and we were just sitting down at the table, when we were treated to a 'surprise' we had not bargained for. Suddenly several revolvers advanced threateningly into the room, each having a shaggy fellow behind it with 'shoot' in his eyes, and a firm set about his mouth that wasn't at all pleasant, considering how close the pistols were to our heads. Now you know, boys, I'm not a coward, but I *didn't* like the 'situation' just at that moment. I recognized the foremost of the three who came into the room as Mosby, and I knew he was not apt to care where his bullets hit; and besides, the Captain and Lieutenant who accompanied him did not look as if they were given to straining the quality of mercy. Upon their demand, therefore, that we should surrender, we signified immediate assent, but not without a pang that we were to lose our suppers, which seemed all the more tempting now that they were beyond our reach.

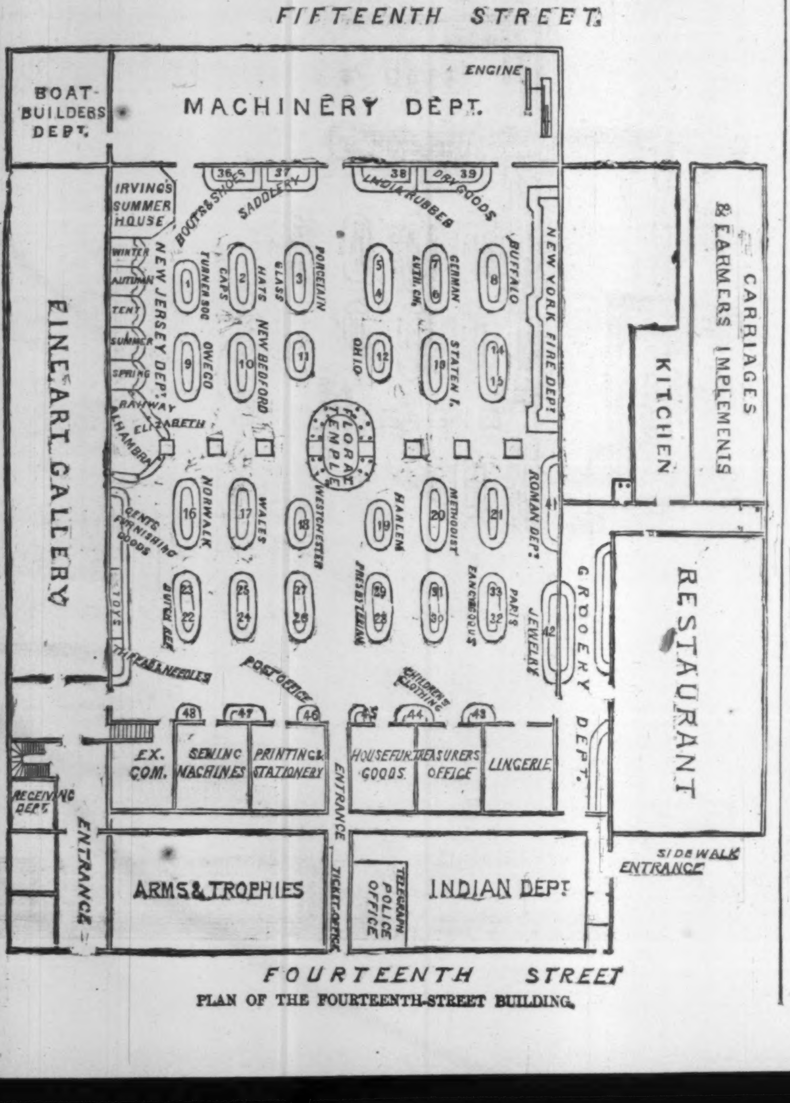
"Mosby, however, was any thing but depressed. Indeed he was in the jolliest humor possible, and indulged in all sorts of jokes at our expense. We didn't, however, lose our wits in our misfortune. We had been in worse scrapes a great deal than that, and we did not altogether despair of getting out some way or other.

"After helping himself to what supper he wanted Mosby told us we must follow him to Paris, where he had his head-quarters, and we accordingly went out, watched by the Lieutenant, to get our horses, which were tied near the barn. Johnson, somehow, managed to give the Lieutenant the slip, and, instead of getting his horse, hid in a haystack, and so got off, Mosby not daring to wait and hunt him up lest some of our fellows should pounce down upon him.

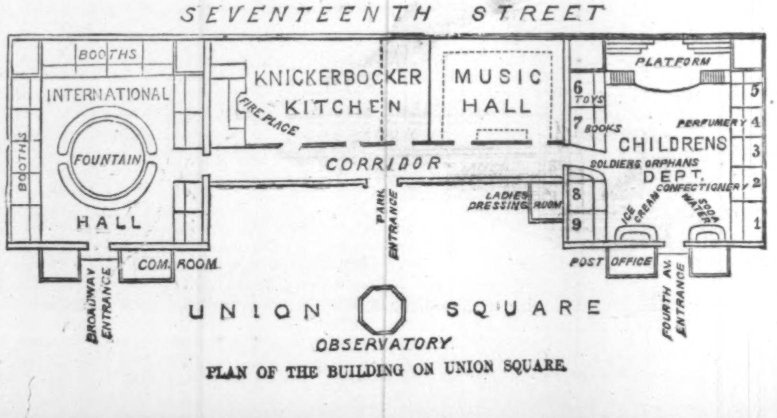
"Well, Weatherbee and I mounted, and under strict guard we started for Paris, ten or twelve miles, you remember, away. The ride was by no means a quiet one, Mosby constantly taunted us with questions. 'Were you with Colonel Cole when I thrashed him at Upperville?' was one of his first queries, to which, however, he got no satisfactory response. Then, after a while, he asked, 'What do you think of my gray nag—I took him from a Yankee Lieutenant.' Weatherbee said that wasn't the only instance of a rascal riding on an honest man's horse, at which the Captain and Lieutenant laughed. Then Mosby began to brag, 'Don't you Yanks now fear me more than the regular cavalry?' 'How do you like my style of fighting?' and a dozen other such questions were addressed to us in swift succession, showing how little of a hero and how much of a braggart this fellow, with all his feathers, really is. Of course we were mad; but we held our tongues as well as we could, and rode on with as much apparent indifference as possible.

"As we went along frequent pauses were made at farm-houses along the road, and at each two or three recruits were secured for Mosby's gang. Nearly every house appeared to have some friend of his in it. He would ride up to a place, call Jim or Jake, tell them that he wanted men at such an hour at the usual place, and that they must tell Joe and Mose, and then would ride on, leaving his friends to come on at their leisure. A good many of these fellows I had seen before, and all claimed to be Union citizens; some of them, I know, had taken the oath of allegiance, and no doubt had in their pockets passes to come into our lines and go out whenever they chose. I marked some of these chaps, and we must attend to them, boys, the first chance we can get.

"Well, we got to Paris at last. I had marked the road pretty closely, thinking that maybe I might want to travel it some time; and I was all the while on the look-out for some means of getting



PLAN OF THE FOURTEENTH-STREET BUILDING.



PLAN OF THE BUILDING ON UNION SQUARE.

away. The chance came before I expected it. Mosby, as we came up to the house where he had his head-quarters, dismounted and went in, leaving his pistols in the holsters. How my heart fluttered when I saw that! My horse stood close by Mosby's, and his pistols were almost within my reach. But there sat the Lieutenant with his revolver in his hand, ready to shoot me down at the first imprudent movement. Caution was necessary. So, leisurely getting down, I pretended to tie my horse. As I fumbled about the bridle I saw out of one eye that the Captain was moving off, to look, as he said, for an orderly to take the horses. Mosby's horse was between the Lieutenant and myself. Here was a chance: if I could only get the pistols, I might fight my way out. Suddenly I put my foot into the stirrup of Mosby's saddle, and laid hold of one of the shooting-irons. But the Lieutenant saw the movement and fired. Fortunately his aim was bad, and he missed me. In an instant I was in the saddle; and, aiming straight at the fellow's heart, shot him dead. Heavens! how excited I was! But I wasn't out of the woods yet. The Captain, hearing the discharges, turned round instantly and fired; but he too shot wide of the mark. Mosby, all excitement, rushed to the door, shouting,

"'What's all this infernal row about?'

"We were too polite, boys, to swear at him in return, so I just leveled at him as he stood in the door, sending a bullet close to his ear, and making him dodge out of sight. Then what time we made! But we didn't leave without a benediction. As we flew away Weatherbee shouted,

"'How do you like *our* style of fighting, Colonel Mosby?'

"And I sent back this parting cry:

"'Come and see us, boys, we're of the New York Twenty-first.'

"So, lads, we got away, leaving one vacancy among Mosby's officers, and carrying with us his 'gray nag,' saddle, pistols, and over-coat. You will find them all in the tent there, except the horse—he is out yonder in the woods eating Union provender, on which, if Mosby told the truth, he was brought up.

"One good thing came out of our capture. Mosby, as we learned during our ride, and from his talks with the farmers, intended to attack Captain Gere at daylight, hoping to surprise and cut him to pieces. Of course we spoiled that nice little plan by getting back in time to give the Captain notice of what was going on, and enable him to make preparations for defense. Mosby evidently thought better of it, and didn't come."

Corporal Simpson's true story, told round the camp fire, has a sequel. His regiment were so pleased with his exploit that they have determined to buy from the Government the horse, arms, and equipments he captured, and present them to "the Yankee corporal who beat Mosby out of his pet nag."

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

A long merry shout broke the stillness of the autumn afternoon as a troop of children came thronging out from the brown school-house among the maples, and then, breaking into groups of two or three, scattered along the worn wood-paths to their homes.

School was out, and yet the mistress lingered within, still seated in her chair, with listless, drooping figure, and hand shading her heavy eyes.

How those weary eyes had watched the lagging hours of that long day—how miserably long it had been to her! Never had her pupils seemed so restive and troublesome, never her calling so irksome and distasteful; the reins of authority had lain loosely in her nerveless fingers, for thought, and energy, and impulse had all that day refused to exert themselves, while in her woman's heart Love and Duty waged fierce and doubtful strife.

As she sat there now so drearily, a shadow crossed the sunny floor, and Lois Deane sprang up with a little cry, half of alarm and half relief, while her hot, tremulous little hands were clasped in those of the tall young soldier bending over her.

A regretful, passionate wail broke from her lips:

"Oh! Allyn, my Allyn, why must you go? All I have to care for me in this bleak, bitter world. I have been thinking of it all day long, and indeed I *can not* have it so."

The mists that had been gathering so long over the violet eyes melted into tears, falling thick and fast over the flushed cheeks.

Allyn Winthrop could only draw the poor throbbing temples down to his breast, and whisper sweet words of love to soothe and comfort her; smoothing the rippling fair hair with tender hand, while shades of grief, perplexity, and doubt chased each other over his fine, firm face.

That was indeed a hard struggle that had dispossessed her gentle soul of its life-long patience and repose—its shrinking reticence, and made her so different from his quiet love, his shy little Lois. How his heart still thrilled with that passionate cry, "Allyn, my Allyn!" She, his timid little betrothed, who scarce ever whispered a caressing word, though he *knew* she loved him dearly.

A little while, and the tempest of grief had sobbed itself to repose, and the tenderly patient look came back to her eyes, though still the mouth now and then quivered, like a little grieved child's.

The clock ticked on with monotonous drone in the school-room, and from the pine table there floated up sweet odors of the blossoms her little pupils brought her as fresh love-offerings every morning. Ranged, in vases of broken tea-cups, on either side her piles of books, they were breathing out to her their fragrant hearts. Allyn's arm was about her, and his cool, soothing fingers still stroked her hair. How naughty and rebellious had she been all day! Those tears had eased her heart-ache, and she could think now that every one was very kind to her in her lonely orphanage, and even try to smile at her lover's cheery talk. The natural buoyancy and hopefulness of youth were coming back, and she was ready to talk with him quietly and almost cheerfully of their uncertain future. They even found themselves drawing vague yet delicious pictures of happy days when, peace returned, their lives, which were now to be so widely raveled apart, should be knit into one forever. Then they dwelt with kindling enthusiasm upon the Great Cause, to which they had both given all their hopes and aspirations; and while Allyn spoke with proud energy of the certain triumph of the Republic, Lois felt all the mists of doubt and fear breaking away before the glowing flame of patriotism, and herself lifted above all selfish sense of grief and loss, out of the shadows, to those shining heights of self-abnegation and devotion where his firm feet trode.

The fresh breeze came through the open door, freighted with faint sweetness of wood-scents and pleasant dreamy sounds, the lowing of distant cattle, a song from the village, and the clear note of a bell. On the verge of the blue October sky ebbing sunset billows broke in surge and foam of gold and snowy splendor and waves of ruby light, rolled back athwart the heaven, flooding the dusky school-room with crimson glories till it seemed beautiful in their eyes.

Presently Lois unlocked a drawer in her table, and drew out a little worn volume.

"I want to give you this, Allyn," she said, very softly, "because I value it more than any thing else I have. It was my mother's Prayer-book, and it lay under her clasped hands, open at our own beautiful Litany, when her heart was almost done throbbing here. I have nothing more precious to give you," she said, looking up with a sad, tender smile.

The light was fading now, the shadows falling among the maples, and the breeze growing damp and chill. Oh! sweet parting hours, why must they end? Allyn wrapped the shawl carefully around her slight form, and together they left the darkening school-house, wandering down toward the village. Deeper shadows drifted down into the maples, and one by one golden stars stole out, and looked down upon them with loving eyes.

"Lois, when I am gone you will go often to see Hannah, will you not, for *my* sake? I know that she is moody and petulant at times, but I am *sure* she loves you, as who does not? and she has been a kind, faithful sister to me. Ruth, too—poor, sensitive girl!—seems lonely and depressed, and since Will went away it has been my task to comfort and cheer *her*."

Tender, parting bequests, how fervently little Lois accepted them, though her own heart in its great loneliness was rising in strong, rebellious throbs!

Again she bent her head to listen to the low tones.

"And *you*, my darling, whom I love better than my life—better than all else save Honor and God—He will surely have you in His holy keeping, and love and comfort you always, dear Lois."

Another long silence, and they had reached the low red house where the young schoolmistress lodged. At the gate they paused. A long, clinging pressure of hands—a long, sad kiss—a broken "good-by"—and they had parted.

"Must other women's hearts yet break to keep the Cause
from falling?
God pity our brave lovers, then, who face the battle's
blaze,
And pity wives in widowhood. But is it unavailing?
O Lord, give Freedom first, then Peace, and unto Thee
be praise."

The autumn had passed, and the bleak, early winter had set in. Fierce northern blasts swept through the long lines of forest trees, rending the scarlet banners of the maples, and beating in fitful gusts against the brown school-house, where Lois still gathered daily her little pupils, and patiently strove to guide their tasks. But it was *hard* to be cheerful, now that her letters, those white-winged messengers from the camp, had become so few and irregular. She knew that Allyn's regiment had marching orders; that an engagement might be brought on very soon; and oh! how this great care clouded her young life. She could only pray and wait.

So the days wore on till near Christmas; then, the children dismissed for their holiday week, she should enjoy a brief respite from work, and have a little time to sit and dream of Allyn, or fashion with her swift, slender fingers little love-tokens, warm socks and mittens, to send him in Hannah's waiting box of good things.

Christmas-eve. And there came to the village painful tidings of fierce conflict, of repulse and loss. They found their way into the village church where a group of laughing, chattering girls sat among piles of fragrant green weaving wreath and garland for font, and chancel, and column.

There came a hush upon them as they glanced at Lois, sitting a little apart framing cross and star—for Allyn's regiment had been in the fight. The light shone down on the pretty head bent gracefully over her work, the violet eyes full of dreamy sweetness, and the parted girlish lips. The subtle, spicy aroma of the pine and cedar had wafted her thoughts back to *last* Christmas-tide, when Allyn and she had spent a short, bright afternoon in gathering greens for this same pleasant task. Again she felt the fresh wind blowing on her face, felt the pressure of Allyn's strong arm as he bore her, half-frightened, half-laughing, through the tangled woods in search of laurel and ground-ivy, and the delicate rose-tint deepened in her cheek while she recalled the swift kiss falling on her brow, as she stood on tip-toe stretching up her arms for the dropping boughs.

The sudden stillness brought back her wandering thoughts. One of the girls crossed over and put a paper into her hands. Her eyes ran swiftly down the lists of killed and wounded. She gave a little sob of relief, "Not there; God be thanked!" Further on she read, "Missing: Private Allyn Winthrop."

"Oh, girls, I can not work any more to-night!" she said, and hastily left the church; then ran down the street to Hannah Winthrop's door.

Weeks passed by and no further tidings came. How the bitter tears would start when returning from her fruitless errand to post-office or news-dépôt, or from searching Hannah's stern face with her wistful eyes and reading their answer, "No tidings!"

Poor little Lois! poor lonely child-heart! She had no mother on whose kind breast she might sob out her love and sorrow; and day after day she must go through her humble tasks, though her heart was crushed within her. Hannah was kind to her at times—as kind as her hard nature would permit; yet she sometimes met the poor, sensitive girl with blunt words, and even bitter reproaches, when she was yearning for love and sympathy.

Thus it happened one night, when, through thickly falling snow, Lois had struggled to Hannah's door only to find a fresh disappointment awaiting her. As she shivered over the bright hearth-blaze, Hannah stood looking at her with slowly darkening gaze. Suddenly she spoke, fiercely: "Yes, Lois Deane, it is just a piece of *your* work that Allyn ever went to the war at all; filling his head, as you did, with your fine nonsense about duty and patriotism. Wasn't it—I want you to answer me—more plainly his *duty* to stay at home and care for his own kith and kin?"

No response came from the shrinking girl, only the poor head drooped more meekly.

"Yes," continued Hannah, with fresh vehemence, as if provoked by her silence—"and even when he had made up his mind to enlist, *you* could have stayed him if you had lifted so much as a finger. Oh I don't believe *you* cared for him a bit."

Poor Lois, that last thrust was *too* cruel. Not care for him! How *could* she say that? Merciful Lord, how hard it was! The poor, friendless girl felt a sense of utter desolation creeping over her. Those harsh words, coming from Allyn's sister, pierced her like stabs of an icy knife. And he, the beloved one, all her world, and the only light of her sombre life, dead, perhaps! Ah, she was desolate indeed!

"Mercy on us," cried Hannah; "the child is fainting! God forgive me, what have I done!" Here, Ruth, Ruth, quick!"

"Oh, Hannah, what have you been saying to her?" cried Ruth, springing to help her sister raise the unconscious form, now stretched prone upon the floor.

"Oh, sister, my heart was so bitter with sorrow!" Hannah answered, as they bore Lois to the low settle before the fire. Then, "If she'll forgive me, she shall never hear a harsh word from my lips again."

Long and tenderly the two sisters bathed the pallid temples and slender wrists, dropping pitying tears upon the little pinched face, in which now, as it lay there so like death, they could see the ravages of a grief of whose intensity they had no conception.

But consciousness at last returned, and it was pitiful to hear the plaintive moan which rose to her lips as she slowly unclosed her eyes.

"O Hannah, Hannah, if I could only die!"

Thenceforth Hannah would not hear of Lois's leaving her. "She should stay and take Allyn's place. She must give up teaching for *that* winter, for she wasn't fit for any thing, and must rest and get recruited up."

She was, indeed, too weak and ill now for any work, and she gratefully accepted Hannah's offer. In truth she would not have been denied. So the school was closed for a while. Hannah grew to love her very dearly—she was so gentle, so grateful, and repaid affection with such sweet interest.

Lois found it very pleasant to be a petted child; it was to her a new and delicious life, and she began to grow strong, almost cheerful again.

She was sitting quite alone one afternoon, Hannah and Ruth being out on some household errand, when she heard a knock at the door. Was it a terrible premonition of some great evil that drove the blood suddenly to her heart? Faint and trembling she opened the door. There stood a soldier, brown-faced, and travel-stained.

"Does Hannah Winthrop live here?"

Lois tried to speak, but could only bend her head in response.

"Is she at home?"

"No;" nearly inaudible.

The soldier looked at her steadily, and a grave intelligence overspread his face.

"Well, perhaps you will be good enough to give her this. I picked it up on the ground after the battle, and saw Allyn's name in it. I had heard him speak of his sister Hannah, and I thought I would take the trouble to hunt her up, as she might value it. I should expect a comrade to do as much for *me* if my time should come."

The soldier handed Lois a package, and, with a respectful touch of his cap, was gone, leaving the poor girl clutching the door-post for support, for every thing had reeled and turned black before her as she received that small square parcel.

Then she turned with tottering steps to the room, and sank down upon a chair, feeling a sickness at heart she had never known before, for now the dread certainty of that she had only feared before came crushingly upon her.

Pallid and mute, she still sat there when the sisters returned, and silently she held out the package to Hannah. Her wistful eyes watched the trembling fingers as they untied the wrappings and brought to view a little book—*her* Prayer-book, torn by a bullet, and stained with blood.

Lois rose from her seat and staggered forward. "O Hannah, give it to me—it is *mine!*" pleaded the quivering lips.

It was not until she had reached her own room that she ventured to examine that dread souvenir. No tears came to her hot eyes as she turned the stained pages, and her temples throbbed with pain. Oh! bitter, bitter grief and loss. The bullet, as it had crashed through the pages, had marred that sublime petition in the Litany in which her full heart had so often and fervently been lifted up, at church, in her lonely walks, and in the silence of night at her quiet bedside:

"From battle, and murder, and from sudden death, Good Lord deliver us!"

Vain, vain and ineffectual prayer. It could not shield from the death-shot the heart she loved so truly. Oh, what was there left to live or to pray for any longer? As the eyes fixed upon the book mechanically traced the page, another petition caught their gaze,

"By Thy Cross and Passion—"

Oh sinful and rebellious heart, was there not One beside whose heavy cross all human griefs were light? She felt this even from the depths of her sore and heavy heart. Now came sweet and soothing tears. She would look up to Him, the merciful One, the Healer, and ask Him to pity and sustain her. And then she remembered Allyn's parting words—that God would love and comfort her. She would strive not to sink under her terrible grief. There were other bereaved hearts in the world. She would live for them. And then there came floating back to her memory a fragment of a hymn her mother used to sing, in those far-off days when, a light-hearted child, she never dreamed of sorrow or loss:

"What if thou always sufferest tribulation,
What if thy Christian warfare never cease,
Soon thou shalt gain the quiet Habitation,
There thou shalt find thine everlasting peace!"

Perhaps the women who then wept in the adjoining room—the one with stormy, passionate cries and sobs, and the other with plaintive, tender moanings—divined, when the three came together again, the source of Lois's quiet resignation; but it is certain that they both turned to her for consolation. It was strange to see Hannah leaning on this feeble child, who, strong in the strength of the Everlasting Arms, was now the pillar of the household.

So Lois lived on, finding comfort in pouring balm into other wounded hearts. She thought only: After all, life is short, and heaven a long, blissful rest.

Lois began her school again, gathering together her scattered flock, and teaching them with new love and zeal. At home she bore with never-wearying patience Hannah's now-returning querulousness, and strove to infuse into that hard and meagre life some of the beauty and fragrance of her own. Poor, pining Ruth, too, who grieved so unceasingly over the lost brother, her baby lying in the church-yard, and her husband away at the war, was an object of her kindest attention. All these helped keep her mind from dwelling on her own great grief, and she thanked God for this power to work and care for others.

Passion-Week, with all its gloom and sorrow, had gone by, and the happy Easter morning dawned fair and beautiful. Its warm, delicious sunshine flooded the church where Lois knelt among the Sunday-school children, and filled her heart with something almost like gladness—certainly with grateful love. The exquisite odors of flowers—pure white lilies, jasmine, and violets, that her hands had helped to place around font and altar—seemed to float softly down upon her like the benedictions of martyrs and saints, once bowed in deathly anguish, now risen to life and glory. The joyful strains of the organ joined the pure voices of the children as they soared upward in their Easter carol:

"Easter Day is come at last, Hallelujah!
Mournful thoughts of Lent are past, Hallelujah!
Day to faithful hearts so dear,
Not a feast in all the year
Dawns so bright, and shines so clear, Hallelujah!

"Shame, and pain, and woe are fled, Hallelujah!
Glory crowns the wounded head, Hallelujah!
And the Lamb in torments slain
Breaks the gate and bursts the chain,
Rising to an endless reign, Hallelujah!"

Bright tears stood in Lois's eyes, and sparkled on her fair cheek. And yet she felt so peacefully happy—on that adoring strain her soul had been lifted up above the crosses and ills of life. The music had ceased, the children passed out of the church, and Lois followed. It would be some time before service began; so she walked slowly home, and gained her own room so quietly that no one heard her. How pleasant that neat, maidenly chamber seemed to her, with the bright morning sun shining in on the low walls, lighting up the few pictures, and kissing her pet geraniums into bud and bloom! She threw off shawl and bonnet, and sat down with her Bible on her knees. The *Mater Dolorosa* that hung over her bed was not more fair, or pensive, or peaceful—

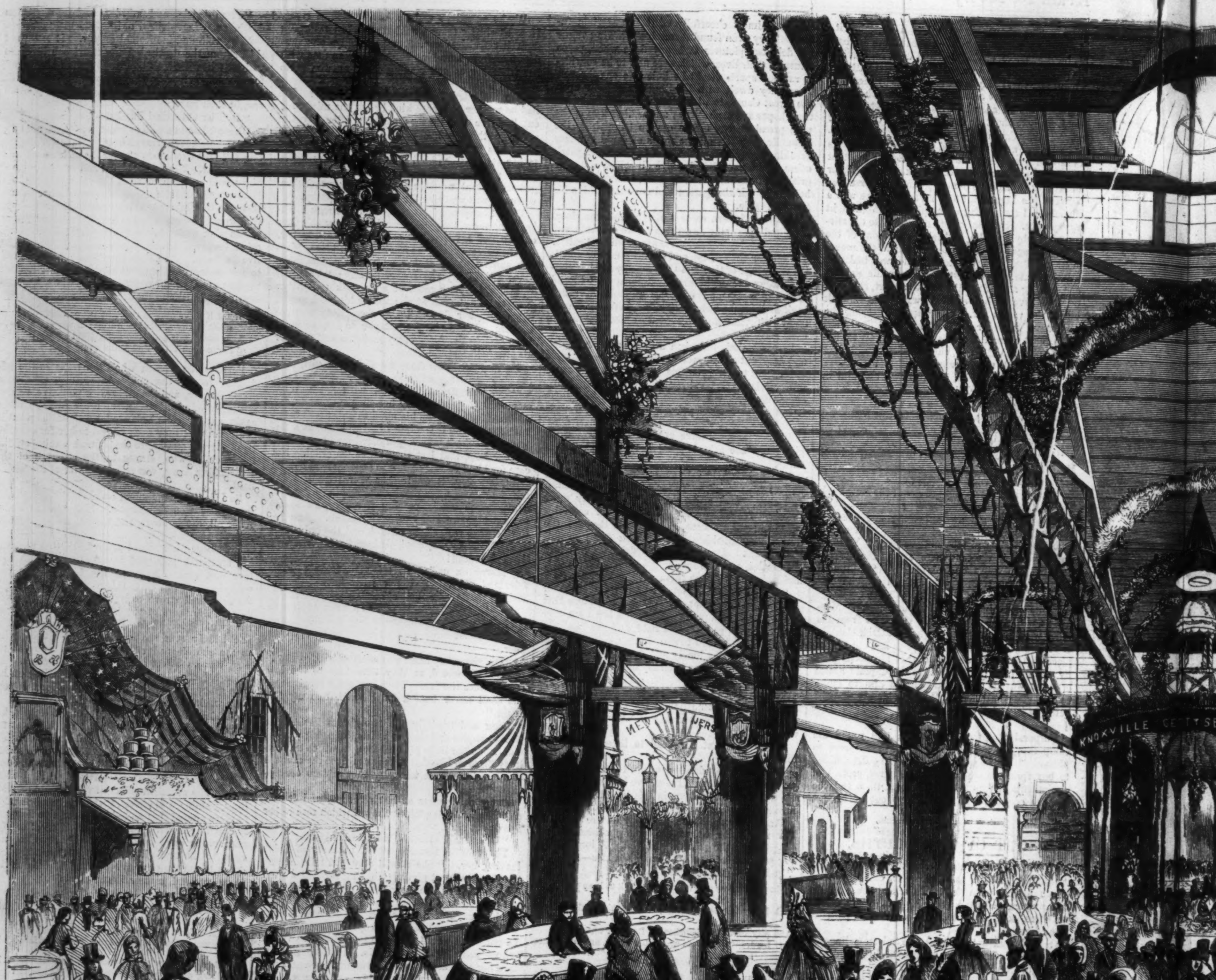
"Lois! O Lois! are you here, child? O Lois, *do* come quickly!"

The voice was Hannah's, and there was something in it that made Lois's heart stop beating, but not with dread.

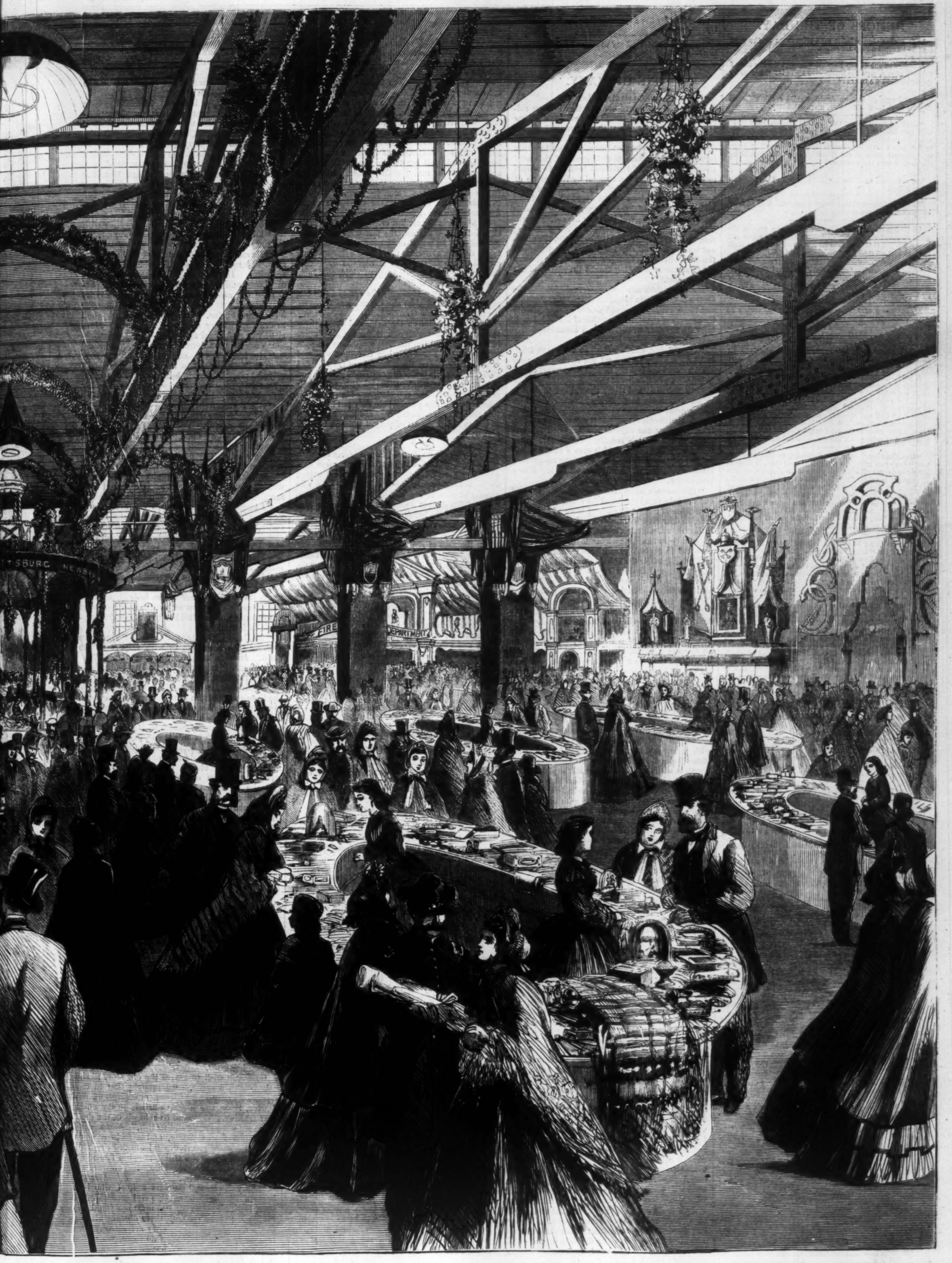
"Don't faint, dear; don't be frightened!" hurriedly whispered Hannah to her as she sprang swiftly down the stairs. Lois only gave one look at Hannah's face, flushed with some great joy, and fled on to the parlor. All the sweet, saintly calm was gone now; only a poor woman's heart shone from those eager, startled eyes. The next moment she was resting on Allyn Winthrop's breast.

After a while, when the tumult of joy which greeted the lost one's return had subsided, Allyn told them with his old, grave sweetness how it had happened that he was spared to them. The bullet aimed at his heart had only inflicted a severe wound, having spent its force on the book that lay in his breast; and so Lois's parting gift had saved his life. Then another shot came and shattered his arm; and while striving to drag himself from the heat of the action he had swooned, and the book had fallen from his nerveless grasp. He told them of his sufferings those weary months he had been a prisoner, unable to send any news to those at home, and how at last, escaped from captivity, he had come back with lost arm and broken health, but with undaunted spirit, still firm and faithful in the Great Cause.

Then there came over all a silence deep and tender, out of whose stillness each heart was lifted up in a fervent though unuttered Easter psalm of praise and thanksgiving.


NEW JERS
KNOXVILLE GETTYS

GRAND HALL OF THE FAIR BUILDING, FOU


TSBURG
NEWB
FIRE
DEPARTMENT

G, FOURTEENTH STREET.—[See Page 246.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IT is a sure sign when a man slips down in the mud that he has had a drop too much.

A soldier in one of the Kentucky camps, during one of the cold nights, says the motto with them is: "United we sleep; divided we freeze!"

What language does an Arabian child speak before it cuts its teeth?—*Gum*-Arabic, unquestionably.

"And ye have taken the teetotal pledge, have ye?" said somebody to an Irishman. "Indade I have, and am not ashamed of it, aither." "And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?" "So he did; but my name is not Timothy, and there is nothing the matter with my stomach."

The softer the head the harder the work of driving any thing into it.

Miss Tompkins says that every unmarried lady of forty has passed the Cape of Good Hope.

An Irishman on board a vessel when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck as she was going down, replied that he had no wish to go on deck to "see himself drowned."

"Has your son Timothy failed?" inquired Gubbens of Stubbens, the other day. "Oh, not at all; he has only assigned over his property, and fallen back to take a better position," was the reply.

An alderman of London once requested an author to write a speech for him to speak at Guildhall. "I must first dine with you," was the reply, "to see how you open your mouth, that I may know what words will fill it."

"Time works wonders," as the lady said when she got married after an eight years' courtship.

A lady, teaching her little daughter, four years old, pointed to something in the book, and asked, "What is that, my dear?" "Why, don't you know?" inquired the child. "Yes," said the mother; "but I wish to find out if you know." "Well," responded the little miss, "I do know." "Tell me, then, if you please," said the lady. "Why, no," insisted the little one, with an arch look, "you know what it is, and I know what it is, and there is no need of saying any thing more about it."

"Grandmother," said Ike, seriously, to Mrs. Partington, "have you heard the report that the Prince of Wales's baby has not got all his fingers on one hand, and that both his legs are not right?" "Lor' bless me!" exclaimed the old lady. "Then how could he ever wield the sceptre of the realm, or walk as he ought to do?" Ike, however, pretended not to hear the remark, but began clipping the cat's whiskers, and grinning to think that his grandmother did not see that nobody has all his fingers on one hand, nor any body two right legs.

A tavern-keeper in Newark, when giving a New-Year's present to his "help," told one of his porters (a smart Irishman) that he was about the best man in the house, and therefore he should give him the most costly present. "Sure," said Patrick, rubbing his hands with delight, "I always mane to do me juty." "I believe you," replied his employer, "and therefore I shall make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year." "Thank yer Honor," replied Pat: "and may all yer friends and acquaintances treat *you* as liberally."

A half-famished fellow in the Southern States tells of a baker (whose loaves had been growing "smaller by degrees, and beautifully less") who, when going his rounds to serve customers, stopped at the door of one and knocked, when the lady within exclaimed, "Who's there?" and was answered, "The baker." "What do you want?" "To leave you bread." "Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it—put it through the keyhole!"

A good story is told of an Irishman who went to see the gorilla in the cabinet of Amherst College. Not knowing the difference between that animal and the guerrilla, he remarked, on seeing it, "If they have got such soldiers as that off South, I ain't going to war!"

It is said that the rebel guerrillas have killed and carried off more than 50,000 hogs on the Kansas border. A fact which proves conclusively, says an exchange, that the *sword* is mightier than the *pen*.

A poor fellow who pawned his watch says that he raised money with a lever.

Father O'Leary and Curran were cracking their jests at a dinner party one evening, as was their wont, when the celebrated advocate turned abruptly to the good Father, saying:

"I wish, O'Leary, that you had the keys of heaven."

"Why, Curran?" asked the divine.

"Because you would then let me in," said the facetious counselor.

"It would be much better for you, Curran," said Father O'Leary, "that I had the keys of *the other place, because I could then let you out*."

Before the days of the teetotalers, a neighbor of Mr. Bisbee saw that gentleman, at an early hour of the day, crawling slowly homeward on his hands and knees over the frozen ground. "Why don't you get up and walk, Mr. Bisbee? Why don't you get up and walk?" said his neighbor. "I w-w-would, b-b-but it's so almighty *thin* here that I'm a-a-afraid I shall b-b-break through!"

"I'll bet a sheep," said old Meredith to his better half, "that our boy Otho is going crazy. Fur he's grinnin' at the plow, he's grinnin' at the barn, and he's grinnin' to himself wherever he goes."

"Sho! old man! You don't know nothin'. The critter's got a love-letter."

A country schoolmaster once asked one of his pupils if he had ever seen an elephant's skin. "Yes, Sir, I have," shouted the young hopeful. "Where?" inquired the schoolmaster, quite amused at the boy's earnestness. "On an elephant," was the reply, accompanied with a most provoking grin.

Stocks are subject to tumbles, but crockery dealers are the boys for *tumblers*.

When does a fine sentence assume a lady's name?—When it is mis-construed.

A drunkard leaning against a church railing, replied, in answer to a question from the sexton, that he didn't *exactly* belong to that church, but he was *leaning* that way.

Money, like a boot, when it's tight, is extremely trying.

A SHEEPISH QUESTION.—Will *ewe* marry me?

A fool may commit an error, but it takes a wise man to *own* it.

The young woman whose modesty was so shocked the other day at the mention of a *bare idea* has been detected in the act of concealing the *naked truth* under a *falsehood*.

A tourist stopping at a French hotel saw the phrase "fresh-water chicken" on the bill of fare. Desiring to know what this meant, he sent for a dish of water chicken. He tried it, and finding it excellent, recommended it to the rest of his party, ladies and all. All liked the dish wonderfully, and so became frog-eaters without knowing it.

When is a lady like a spoon?—When she is in-*tea*-resting.

What is that which nobody wants, and nobody likes to lose?—A lawsuit.

ONE OF MANY.

"JOHN GASTON, private, killed."

It was a short record—only a line in long columns of other lines; but to a home in the New Hampshire hills it came with the power of a great despair, making all of life dreary and sad.

It was a right pleasant home, with all beautiful surroundings, to which, that August day, this brief announcement brought grief and desolation—a home made luminous by love, musical by the prattle of sweet-tongued children, holy by the voice of daily prayer—a home where bright eyes looked lovingly into life's depths of joy and hope, and brave hands performed with cheerful industry life's daily work. Vines clung tenderly around the low windows; flowers—scarlet, pink, and gold—fringed the pleasant walks; and all day long, from the poplars at the door, birds sung their jocund airs in the drowsy ear of summer, dreaming amidst the glories of her own nursing.

But it was dark now; there were shadows on the faces which had been bright all the summer through, and there were sobs and sad plaints wailing through the prayers of the stricken mother of the fold, kneeling with the dear wondering ones around her.

"I am dying, comrade." The voice was faint, and had a moan in it. "I am dying; put your hand here on my heart. See! it has almost ceased to beat. Dying, dying!"

Over the hills and along the valleys the battle rolled with noisy grandeur. Through the thick smoke great flashes of smoke burst now and then like sudden sunrisings. But the ear of the soldier, lying there on the edge of the flaming field, was closed to the battle's tumult. In his ears softer voices were breathing; on his eyes a sweeter than battle glory was shining—shining from far-off New Hampshire hills, where the sun was lying like a benediction.

"Lift me up a little," the weak voice said; "so," and the pale face brightened for a moment with an expression of relief. Then—"I have a home, comrade, in dear New Hampshire, and a wife and three little ones are waiting for me there. I had hoped to go to them in a little while—my time would have been out in September. I have dreamed many a night, lying under the stars, of walking up the village street, and finding Tom and Kate and Susy waiting for me at the gate, their little faces all aflame with joy. Sometimes I have seemed to hear them praying for me, comrade—praying with their little hands folded on their mother's knee; and the dark hours have all been made bright by that thought, the sight of that picture lying in my heart. But all that is over now. I shall never sit again in my great chair at the table's head, nor lie with my children round me on the grass-plat, under the poplars, at the door."

A spasm checked his speech for a moment. His heart was bleeding as well as the wound in his side. Presently, as if God were holding up to him the past, he went on, dreamily:

"I remember well, comrade, the day when Jenny and I were married. It was in the old church on the village green—you will see it if you go there, with a grave-yard full of weather-beaten tombstones behind it; June was blowing her sweet breath in at the windows, filling all the place with a delicious balm; friends and neighbors stood around; the white-haired old minister—he had christened us both when it was still summer with him—with a happy face knit us together; and then, with a benediction resting upon our heads—I remember it as if but yesterday—we walked homeward, oh, how joyously, along the narrow by-path, under the apple-trees, whose boughs seemed to whisper blessings on us as we went. Then, I remember, I took Jenny to my own little home, just on the village border, and we began life's work together, summer in our hearts, summer overhead, summer under our feet. Then, after a while, comrade, a boy came to us—a boy with his mother's eyes; and a new song was put into our mouths. How like a vineyard, purpling with luscious fruits, life seemed to us then! How we watched and loved our boy! How our hearts opened to receive his sisters when they came, seeming to know he was yearning for playmates! We used to think, Jenny and I, as we looked into the faces of our darlings, that God must have missed three of His brightest ones after these our babes had wandered down to our home."

The soldier paused again, tears on his cheek, his voice tremulous. Then, "Put your arm under me, comrade," he said. "I will soon be done. Our little ones grew up around us; we had to work harder, for their sakes, than before; but content lightened all our toil; we would have given our lives for them. If you have a flock at home, comrade, you know what that feeling was. Well, we were happy, never dreaming of going apart, when, suddenly—you remember it—the old flag was assailed, and a cry came for help, for men to defend the life of the nation. My grandfather, comrade, was with Washington at Trenton and Yorktown; I have at home a sword he wore in those old days, and my blood leaped at that call. But for a day, a week, I resisted my own heart; I could not go, I thought, and leave my home, my wife, my little ones, so dear, so more than precious. But then, what was home worth without a flag to cover it? what would become of my dear ones if chaos came?—if we could not walk the streets, and lie down at night, with the confidence, the consolation, that we had a country, a Government, a law stronger than any mob, greater than the maddest fury of rebellion? I could not hold out against these thoughts, comrade; so at last I told Jenny all that was in my heart; and she, God bless her brave soul! said, firmly but with tears: 'Go, John—the Father will care for us; the country needs you; go!' And so, comrade—you are listening?—I kissed my little ones, and, with Jenny's blessing, I left my home, everything, and now"—a sob lingered round each word—"I am here, dying!

"But," he added, rallying, "don't tell them, Sergeant, that I murmured or feared to die. Oh, no; I can not but think of and sorrow for them; but the old flag is worth ten thousand such poor lives as mine; it is glorious to die where its stars are shining; yet," and the voice broke again, "I will be missed in the home far away, and the days will be dark because I am so long, so long in coming. But, comrade, bid them bear up; tell Jenny to teach my boy never to despair of the Republic; never to be false to it for one hour; never to strike hands with any man who has faltered now. And hark, comrade, tell her to kiss my darlings night and morning for me; I shall see her, and think, maybe, *my* lips are pressing theirs, from the celestial Lookout my feet are climbing now."

A cheer from the hill where the battle raged fluttered down the slope to the soldier dying.

"Victory!" the pale lips cried; the weak hands clutched for the ground, the feet were nervous a moment as if he would once more stand erect and salute the flag, victorious now; then a deeper shadow fell on the face; the voice murmured, "Comrade, remember!" the limbs grew rigid, and John Gaston, private, was dead.

And the shadow that only the eye of Faith can penetrate and find clear sky beyond was lying on the home among the Granite Hills.

They buried him on the field, and there, these spring days, whose warmth is wooing all Nature into blossom and fragrance, sift sunshine over his ashes, and the summer, when it comes, will fold over his stilled heart the same robe of emerald and gold that kings lie under through God's going years.

There are hearts, indeed, that miss him; but their sorrow is not without consolation. He fell for his country, fell in the place where duty put him; and that thought sweetens the cup, and may help them at last to find the pearl of perfect peace at the bottom.

So war's ravages go on. So, on scores of fields, noble lives, full of sublimest impulses, come to a glorious pause, saluting the Great Captain with a smile as they pass to the Last Review. We who remain at ease in our homes, with only the murmurs of the distant conflict breaking on our ears, know little of the heroism, the sublime martyrdom, the sweet faith and resignation which illustrate every battle-day, and brighten hospital and camp all along the path of strife; know little what suns of hope go down forever in the smoke of bloody fields, what ties are rent never to be knit together again, what histories full of noble daring are ended in one flash and cannon peal. But should we not remember and think of all this, and so be juster than we are to those who, all unsuspected in peaceful times of carrying under their homely garbs souls with the robust strength and faith of the martyr in them, are giving to-day on every field such exhibitions of the depth and affluence of our national character and aspirations as shall make all coming time bright with the glory of this?

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

QUITE ALONE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XII.

THE WILD ANIMAL.

MONSIEUR CONSTANT, giving one low but authoritative tap at the door of the front drawing-room, turned the handle, and found himself in a moment in the presence of the "wild animal."

She was not lying on straw. There were no bars before her. She was not groveling à quatre pattes. The wild animal was merely a very beautiful young woman in a black satin dress and with a great diamond necklace round her neck, and great diamond bracelets on her arms. Neck and arms were bare.

"I put on these for him. I dressed for supper," she cried out in a fury so soon as she saw the valet, "and the traitor sends me word that he can not come. Sends me word by a vile little jockey—a lackey. Il en a l'âme," she continued, paraphrasing, perhaps unconsciously, Ruy Blas. "I will poison him. I will trample upon him. My next guest shall be that brute of a German embassador, who eats onions and drinks stout."

The countess was a Frenchwoman, pur sang.

"Tut, tut, tut," quoth Monsieur Constant, in French. "What a disturbance you raise to be sure! You should have devoted yourself to melodrama, madame, and not to the manége. What a pity that Fate should compel you to be a personnage muet, and that you should have nothing better to say in public than 'Haoup! hup là!' and that to a horse, too."

"Coquin!" screamed the lady. "Are you come to insult me?"

"Do you want to wake Mademoiselle Rataplan, qui dort du sommeil des justes? She does not ask milords to sup with her. Nor would you—were you wise—the wife of an English gentleman, un fashionable, un lion, quoi!"

A deep crimson veil—a blush not of shame, but of rage, fell, like a gauze in a scene in a spectacle, over the woman's white neck and arms. She set her teeth for a moment and ground them, and then, starting up, began with the passionate volubility of her nation:

"The wife of an English gentleman! The wife of a swindler, un escroc! a gambler, un gueux. He was to have millions, forsooth. Je devais rouler voiture. I was to have horses, parks, châteaux."

"Well, you have four horses as it is."

"Yes, and I put a pad-saddle on, and dance on them for a livelihood, en maillot. My beautiful husband allows me to become a horse-rider in a circus. I am the Honorable Lady Blunt."

"Not a bit of it. Your husband is not in the least a titled personage. He is a gentilhomme Anglais, rien de plus."

"He is a filou, et il finira galérien," the lady returned, with concentrated bitterness. "Enfin, I am the wedded wife of Monsieur François Blunt. Monsieur je suis votre très devouée. Oh! he is an angel, my husband!"

> "Mon père m'a donné pour mari,
> Mon dieu, quel homme, quel homme petit."

Thus softly whistled between his teeth Monsieur Constant.

"Say rather un homme lâche—a prodigy of baseness. He married me by subterfuge and fraud."

"He did," Constant echoed, agreeing with the wild animal for once; "subterfuge and fraud are the words. Après."

"His millions turned out to be all in protested bills, long overdue, and for which he was responsible. He was criblé de dettes. He made me dance and sing at his infamous supper parties for the amusement of his vagabond aristocrat friends. It was I who paid the Champagne à ces beaux festins. Monsieur was not too proud to draw my salary month after month. Monsieur was unfaithful to me."

"Vous lui avez donné la réplique, ma belle."

"He insulted me, neglected me," the lady went on, seeming not to have heard the valet's scornful remark. "He beat me. Beat me, on whom no parent or governess ever dared to lay a finger."

"Don't you remember the Beugleuse who used to make you dance to the music of a cord and a leather strap. You tried to strangle Blunt twice, to stab him once. You would have put something in his coffee had you dared."

"Only when the marks of his brutal hands were on my face, when the livid bar raised by his cravache was on my shoulders. There are women who like to be beaten. He should have married one of them. I tell you he is un lâche."

"I know it was not a happy ménage. Love flew out of the window soon after the honeymoon, and the furniture after it. You used to smash a great deal of crockery-ware between you. Well, you would have your own way. It has brought you to the Hotel Rataplan, and to asking milords to supper."

"He deprived me of my child—of my little Lilé," the lady went on, after a few moments' silence, during which her bosom heaved, and she panted as though want of breath, and not want of grievances, compelled her to a temporary surcease in invective.

"No," cried Constant, quietly. "You have nothing to accuse him of with respect to the child. *He* didn't deprive you of it. *I* did."

"Monster!" cried the lady. Her looks, however, did not bear out the acerbity of her speech.

"Benefactor, rather. I did not choose to have the little one continue in the inferno its papa and mamma were making round it. If Blunt had been left alone with it, he is so lazy, insouciant, thoroughly and incurably heartless, if you will, that he would have left it on a borne, or sent it to the work-house. Had it been confided to you it would have had its brains dashed out in one of your mad rages; or else, à coups de cravache, it would have been educated for the pad-saddle and the circus. One amazon in a family is quite enough, countess."

He gave her the name bestowed upon her, half in envy, half in mockery, by her comrades of the theatre, whom she offended by her haughtiness and terrified by her temper.

"Bon; and the child, where is it?"

"Safe and sound, away from temptation, at school, chez de bonnes dames puritaines. When she is old enough she shall be a nun, and pray for her wicked papa and mamma."

"The brat is the child of Francis Blunt, and that is enough to make me hate it," said the woman, disdainfully.

"A nice speech for a mother. Nature, you are a potent influence. To be sure, you have scarcely ever seen the poor little thing. It was ample time, however, to deprive you of it. Since the morrow of her christening you have never set eyes upon her. I will take care you never do again, if I can help it. Your tenderness is of a dangerous nature. When Heaven gave you that beautiful body, and that brilliant intellect, how was it that so trifling a matter, such a mere bagatelle as a heart was left out, madame?"

As he spoke he raised his flaccid lids and gazed upon her with gloomy intensity. She tossed her head scornfully, and adjusted the glittering baubles on her arms.

"Do you wish to revive the old story?" she asked, with a sneer. "I thought that in our treaty of amity and alliance, offensive and defensive, there was a secret article to the effect that nothing ever was to be said about the days when we were young and foolish."

"When *I* was young, and a fool—a madman," the valet retorted. "I am growing old. Je grisonne. You are still young, but foolish no more. You never were. Oh no! You were always wonderfully wise."

"As you please," the wild animal, who had become strangely tranquil, perchance through sheer lassitude, uttered. "I must beg you, however, not to bore me with these old histories of Colin and Jacqueline. They are all very well in pastel, or in porcelaine de Saxe, mais elles m'ennuient en prose. What do you want here, so late at night?"

"We are both night-birds. My visit in the end will be a welcome one. I have brought you a hundred pounds from your husband."

"Donnez," said the lady, coolly, and held out her hand.

"Not so fast. I know your capacity for absorbing money. A hundred or a thousand pounds would slip with equal facility down that pretty swan-like throat. It is not the first time that I have been your bailleur de fends. Certain conditions, not very hard ones, are attached to this advance. We, that is monsieur," he was respectful to the dandy even in his absence, "must not be annoyed for six months."

"And you offer a miserable hundred pounds. C'est peu."

"It is all we can give. Business has not been prosperous. Times are very hard with us; and this hundred pounds even can be ill-spared."

"I dare say. Times also are very hard with me. But tell me, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, has my precious husband any funds of his own?"

"Not a sou. He ate up his patrimony years ago."

"Have you? I can understand the other."

Constant shrugged his shoulders. "What can a poor domestique à gages be worth?" he replied.

"C'est donc de l'argent volé. You have stolen this hundred pounds then. Keep it. Je n'en veux pas."

"Hypocrite! Your mouth is watering for it, and you only wish that it were ten times as much. No, madame, it is not money stolen; it is money won."

"By cheating."

"As you please. I have it here, in five-pound notes."

"Give it me, then. I don't think my husband has yet devoted himself to forgery. He has not application enough. You may tell him from me that I shall not trouble him again for six months. Milord, lui, n'est pas dans la débine."

"What are you going to do with your milord?" the valet asked, with a darkling look.

"C'est mon affaire. I don't ask you with what little lingères you are en bonne fortune. If you must know what I mean to do with milord, then by Debonnair it is to bleed him for the good of his constitution. Il a trop de sang, ce moutard-là."

"He is not of age."

"The usurers are kind to him."

"Do you love him?"

"Did I ever love any body, Jean Baptiste Constant?" asked the woman, with candid contempt.

"I don't think you did. It will be your lot some day to love, and to be spurned as you have spurned—never mind whom."

"Connu," replied madame.

> "Qui que tu sois tu vois ton maître,
> Qui est, qui fut, ou le doit être."—
> Who e'er thou art, thy master see,
> Who is, or was, or is to be.

"A charming sentiment, more charmingly expressed, although I never believed in it for one moment. Love is no master of mine, never was and never will be. But the couplet is exquisite. It is Voltaire, is it not? A charming writer, Voltaire. It is growing very late. I think you had better give me the money and let me go to bed."

"Here are your wages, Harpy," muttered Constant, and he handed her a packet of notes.

"Thank you. C'est pas grand' chose, mais c'est du numéraire tout de mêm. I have almost forgiven milord. He will come to-morrow and be on his knees."

"Good-night, Valérie."

"Hun," quoth the wild animal, with a look of simulated surprise, but profound disdain. Since when, Monsieur qui brosse les habits de mon mari?"

"Good-night, Mrs. Blunt, then."

"The Honorable Lady Blunt you mean, faquin!" but this last she said in mockery.

"Bah! that will do for France, but in England it is absurd."

"Au revoir, donc, under any circumstances. Be sure you give my love to my husband."

"I will give him as much love as you send him; and shall not, I should say, waste much breath. Again good-night."

"Bonsoir, mon ours."

He had never taken a seat during the entire interview, but had half stood, half lounged against the console on which he had placed his hat. He now advanced, bent over her as she sat, swimming in her jewels and her satin, on a sofa, and putting his face close to hers, said in French, and I will quote his very words.

"Tu es une créature sans cœur et sans mœurs, digne d'être fouettée et flétrie en plein Châtelet."

"So I have no heart, and no manners, and ought to be whipped, eh? Thank you, my complimentary professor of moral philosophy. Au revoir et à bientôt."

Constant did not care to renew the colloquy, and without directing another glance toward her left the room. His face had turned livid, and he was trembling all over. But he had great command over his emotions, and by the time he reached the salle à manger again his countenance was as unruffled as ever.

Rataplan had gone to bed. Constant, however, was an old habitué of the house, and made himself comfortable with the female night-porter, La Miss Thomas. He was no smoker; but she brewed him a silver timbale full of mulled claret, of which he partook in moderation. And so remained, after a game or two at dominoes with the mahogany-colored sentinel, until past four in the morning. His conversation was mainly about the "countess" and her temper; to which the old woman's general response—she agreed, however, perfectly in what he said—was "fichtre." Many of the lodgers at the Hotel Rataplan were very late night-birds indeed; and it was four in the morning before Monsieur Constant left Leicester Place. Often, during his vigil, his eyes sought the smoke-begrimed ceiling, as though they could pierce through the joists and planking, the laths and plaster, and light once more upon the beautiful woman with the bare neck and arms, and the black satin dress.

CHAPTER XIII.

TO GAMRIDGE'S.

Gamridge's Hotel was in Pump Street, Regent Street. Gamridge's was much frequented by the junior members of the aristocracy, and by officers bearing his Majesty's commission. Gamridge's was the legitimate and lineal successor of the old Slaughter's Coffee-house in St. Martin's Lane, of whose ancient waiter and young military frequenters Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" discourses delightfully. Gamridge's, in 1836, was at the apogee of its popularity and renown; but a few years afterward—such is the mutability of human affairs—Gamridge's was destined to be eclipsed by the Rag and Famish.

Why "Rag" and why "Famish?" I, as a poor slouching civilian, am not, I hope, bound to know. The Rag and Famish seems to me a most palatial edifice, superb in all its exterior appointments. I have heard that its inner chambers are decorated in the most lavish style of Oriental splendor; that its smoking-room vies in gorgeousness with the Court of the Lions at the Alhambra; that, in its drawing-rooms, the genius of the most eminent upholsterers in London has run riot. Nobody can be in rags, nobody can possibly be famished, at the R. and F. The cuisine, I have heard, is exquisite, the wines and liquors are beyond compare. The lightest-vested and brightest-buttoned foot-pages in the parish of St. James's gambol and grin behind the plate-glass doors. The most majestic and the longest-mustached military bricks puff their cigars on the steps. There are always half a dozen Hansoms in waiting before the portal. On the Derby Day drags by the score start from the Rag. The prizes in the race sweeps at the Rag are said to be enormous.

Let me see, what is the pay of a subaltern in the Line? Some seventy or eighty pounds a year, I believe. What is the half-pay of a general officer? Not many hundreds per annum, I am afraid. It strikes me that the establishment, not only of the Rag, but of the Senior and Junior United Service Clubs, must have been an inestimable boon to the young warriors who are ready to fight their country's battles, and to the old braves who have fought them, and retired to grass, and whose helmets are now hives for bees. To live like a fighting-cock, and to be housed like a prince; to have all the newspapers and periodicals, and a first-rate library: billiard and smoking rooms, baths and lavatories, lounging and elbow-resting room; a numerous staff of silent, civil, and deferential servants in imposing liveries, and as much stationery as ever you want; these are joys familiar to the members of the Rag, and of other cognate mansions. The young fellow on active service can run up from Chatham or Aldershot, and have the free range of a Venetian palace till his leave is out. The battered half-pay has but to provide himself with a bedroom at half a guinea a week in Jermyn Street, or St. Alban's Place, and, from nine of the clock on one morning till two or three of the clock on the next, he may live as luxuriously as a Sultan of Cathay. The annual subscription is moderate. The table-money is inconsiderable. Beer, bread, and pickles are dispensed gratuitously. The cigars are foreign. The provisions and wines are supplied at rates very little exceeding cost price.

Whereas, I can't see what a civilian wants with a club at all. He has a home, which the soldier and sailor, as a rule, have not. He has a cook at home. He may refect himself in a decorous dining-room at home. If he wants books, let him subscribe to the London Library, or ask Mr. Panizzi for a ticket for the Museum Reading-room. He needs no smoking-room. Civilians have no right to smoke. He needs no billiard-room. Civilians should be men of business, and men of business have no right to play billiards. "Clubs," says Solomon Buck, in one of his wisest apophthegms, "are weapons of offense, wielded by savages for the purpose of keeping off the white women." S. B. is right. Clubs, for your dashing, rollicking, harum-scarum soldiers and sailors, are all very well. The gallant fellows need a little relaxation after the irksome restraints of barracks or ship-board; but clubs, to the unworthy civilian class, are merely the meanest pretexts for selfishness and self-indulgence.

Having, I flatter myself, in the preceding paragraph, set myself right with the ladies (whom I am always trying to conciliate, and always unsuccessfully), I will proceed to the consideration of Gamridge's. Social clubs of the palatial order were rare in 1836. St. James's had its exclusive political réunions—White's, Brooks's, Boodle's, and the like; but none save the elect of the elect could obtain admission to them. Crockford's was very fashionable, but it was a gaming-house. The Carlton wasn't built. The Athenæum and the Reform were arrogant with the flush of the March of Intellect, and looked down upon the men of the sword. The members of the now defunct Alfred were quarreling among themselves. The United Service only admitted officers of high grade. What remained, then, for the young or middle-aged warriors but Gamridge's.

Gamridge's was not a club; its coffee-room was open to all comers; yet the character of its frequenters was so strongly marked that an outsider rarely, if ever, ventured to set foot within the mysterious precincts. A bagman who presumed to enter Gamridge's would have had a bad time of it. There would have been wailing in Lancashire if a Manchester man had so far forgotten himself as to intrude, uninvited, on the Gamridgean exclusiveness. In its distinctive typification, and its invisible but impassable barriers, Gamridge's resembled one of the old coffee-houses of the preceding century. They, too, were open to all; yet you seldom found any but merchants at Garraway's or Jonathan's, soldiers at the Crown in Whitehall, gamesters at Sam's St. James's Street, country squires at the Star and Garter in Pall Mall, Jacobites at the Harp at Cornhill, booksellers' hacks at the Devil in Fleet Street, lawyers at the Cock, and publishers at the Ball in Long Acre.

There had never, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the parish, been a Gamridge. Who he was, if ever he were at all, there is no knowing. In '36 the landlord—landlady, rather—was Mrs. Vash: a handsome, portly widow, who wore bishop's sleeves, and a multitude of ribbons in her cap. She had many daughters, whom she kept scrupulously at boarding-school to preserve them from the perils of Gamridge's; for, if the "wild prince" was dead "Poins" was about, wilder than ever. Mrs. Vash was a woman of the world. A few, a very few, of her oldest customers—old gentlemen who had been so long and so consistently raking about town that they seemed, on the principle of extremes meeting, almost steady—were sometimes admitted to the luxurious privacy of Mrs. Vash's bar-parlor. She was an excellent judge of port-wine, and, being a generous hostess, would occasionally treat some of her prime favorites to a bottle with a peculiar tawny seal. In the coffee-room Mrs. Vash tolerated cigars, and carefully charged ninepence apiece for them. She was equally careful to charge exorbitant prices for every article consumed. You might give a dinner nowadays at the Rag for what a breakfast cost at Gamridge's.

The politics of Gamridge's were High Tory in tone. The true-blue patrician class had lost much power and influence by Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, and threw themselves for a change into dissipation. Liberal Conservatives had not yet perked up into existence. Among the Whigs and Radicals it was held to be the orthodox thing, just then, to be steady and sober, to bring in moral acts of parliament, to attend lectures at the Royal Institution. The Tories sneered contemptuously at education and morality. They were stanch churchmen, but in the "flying buttress" sense, like Lord Eldon, supporting the sacred edifice from the outside. They called the London University "Stinkomalee," or the "Gower Street Pig and Whistle." They held schools where the birch was not in daily use as the vilest hot-beds of sedition, and were careful to send their children to seminaries where they knew they would have plenty of flogging in the good old Tory style. The society at Gamridge's was a permanent protest against the Penny Magazine, and the steam-engine, and the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, and the educational whimseys of your Broughams, Benthams, Faradays, De Morgans, and compeers. Nothing useful, save eating and drinking, was ever attempted at Gamridge's; and even those elementary functions were performed in the manner most calculated to confer the least amount of benefit on the human frame. The guests breakfasted at three in the afternoon, and dined at midnight. Gas blazed in the coffee-room at noon, and knocked-up roués went to bed at tea-time. There were many white-faced waiters who never seemed to go to bed at all, and to like this perpetual insomnolence. Pale ale was unknown in England then, but the popping of corks from bottles of mineral-waters was audible all day long. Dice, only, Mrs. Vash rigidly refused to wink at. "If gentlemen, who were gentlemen," she remarked, "wanted to call a main, they must do it in the parish of St. James's, and not in the parish of St. George's." Mrs. Vash was one of the old school, and liked to see things done in their proper places.

It was a vicious time, and yet somewhat of the patriarchal element remained. Plebeian dissipation was confined to the youngsters. The old gentlemen went to the Deuce, mounted on steady ambling cobs. A new race of rakes drove them gradually from the coffee-room at Gamridge's, and Mrs. Vash's back-parlor, where they piped disparagement of the rapscallion age over their port with the tawny seal. Thence, by slow degrees, they subsided into Pump Street, and to Bath, and Cheltenham, and Fogydom, and went home to bed, and fell paralytic, and so died.

Mr. Francis Blunt walked into Gamridge's at about a quarter to one in the morning, with a light, tight-fitting over-coat buttoned over him, swinging his cane, and looking, on the whole, "as fresh as paint." The coarseness of the simile may find an excuse in its literal fidelity. A fresh pair of lemon-colored kid gloves decorated his hands, the many rings bulging from beneath the soft leather. His whiskers had been rearranged—perhaps those ornaments and his hair were not strangers to a recent touch from the curling-irons, for there were hair-dressers in the Quadrant who kept open till past midnight for the behoof of exquisites such as he—his clothes had been brushed, his whole exterior spruced and polished up. He had passed a hard day, but he was ready to begin a night as hard.

There was nothing particular about the exterior of Gamridge's. It was a George-the-Second mansion of sad-colored brick with stone dressings, and the lamp before the door was generally in a state of compound fracture from the exuberant playfulness of late-returning guests. "Lamp-glass broken, one pound five," was a common item in Mrs. Vash's long bills. When the late-returning lodgers didn't smash the lamp, they smashed the fan-light, or the soda-water tumblers, or the coffee-room panels, or the waiters' heads. They were always breaking something, and every thing was charged in the bill. You entered Gamridge's by a long, low, oblique passage, seemingly specially designed for the benefit of gentlemen who came home late, overtaken with liquor, and swerved in their gait. They could not well tumble down in their progress along that sporting passage. The coffee-room was almost devoid of decoration. Had it been papered the gentlemen would have torn the paper off; had there been a pier-glass somebody would have smashed it, but as pier-glasses then cost twenty pounds the item might have been subject to inconvenient dispute in the bill. So, to be on the safe side, Mrs. Vash provided her guests with a thick circular mirror in a nubbly frame, which defied even a poker. En revanche, the gallant youths who frequented the coffee-room had scratched their names on it, as well as on the window-panes, in a hundred places, with their diamond rings.

There was an immense dumb-waiter. The tables were of mahogany, brightly polished; wax candlesticks, in silver sconces, were always used, to the disdainful exclusion of gas—and with one of those same candlesticks many a tall fellow had been laid low—but the floor was sanded, and triangular spittoons were dispersed about. It was the oddest combination of luxury and coarseness, of a club-room and a pot-house.

In this room a dozen of the greatest dandies in England were assembled. Some had fifty thousand a year, and some had nothing, and owed thrice fifty thousand pounds; but, poor or rich, all were fashionable. It was a congregation of prodigal sons and prodigal fathers, but fathers and sons were both accustomed to sit in the high places, and to have room made for them.

GEN. ANDREW JACKSON SMITH.

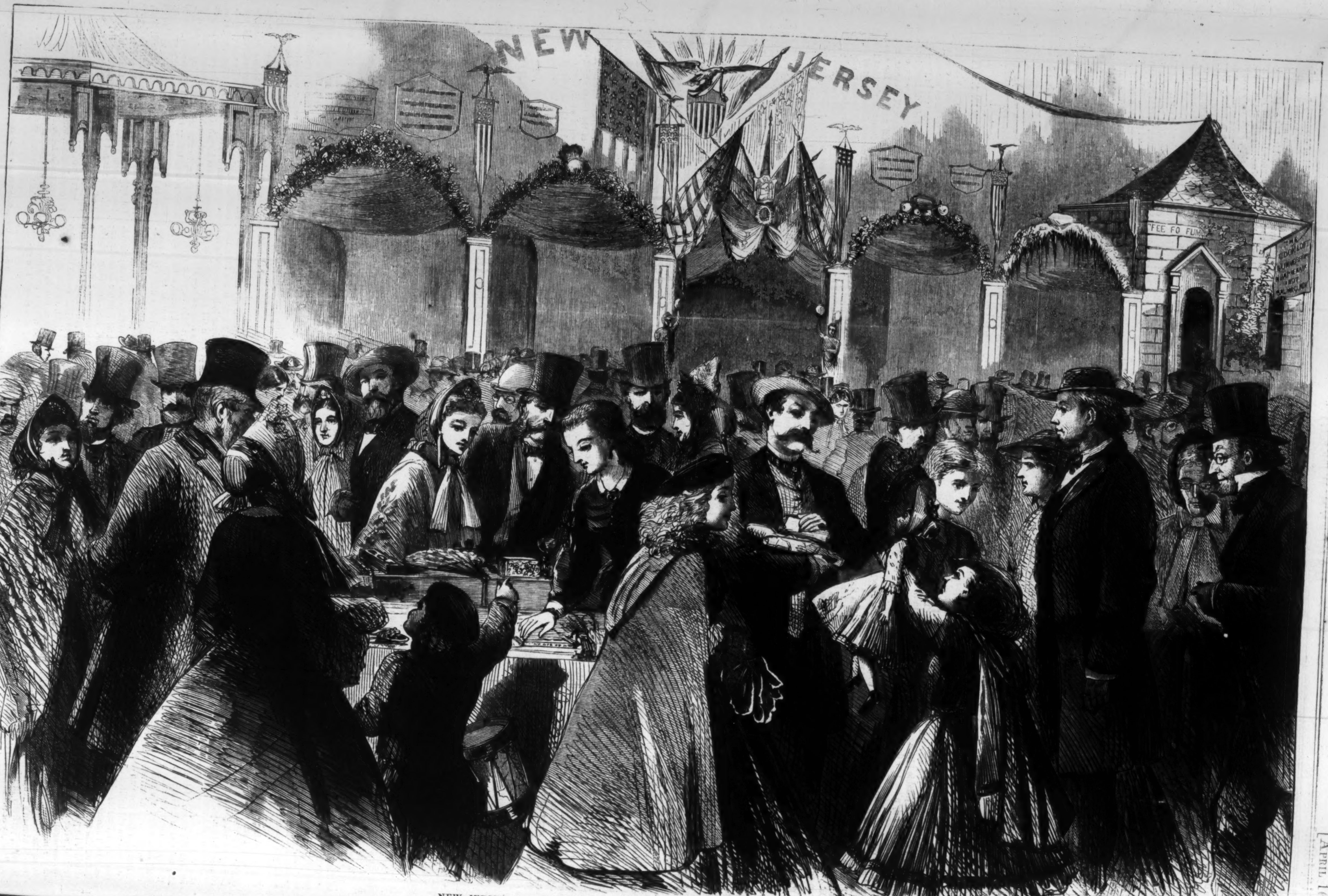
General Andrew Jackson Smith, whose portrait we give on page 253, and who has recently come prominently before the public as commander of the Red River Expedition, was born in Pennsylvania, and graduated at West Point in 1838, in the same class with Beauregard and Hardee, of the rebel army, and Generals Barry, M'Dowell, and other officers in the Federal service. For seven years he was Second Lieutenant in the First Dragoons, with whom he served during most of that time in the Territories. In 1847 he was made Captain, and served against the Indians in South Oregon. In 1861 he was appointed Colonel of the Second California Cavalry, and in March, 1862, was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers. In October of that year he was placed at the head of the First Division of General Granger's army in Kentucky; but subsequently was attached to General Grant's army, as commander of the Tenth Division of the Thirteenth Corps. General Smith led the right division in the attack on Vicksburg in December of that year, and afterward commanded the Second Division of the Thirteenth Corps at the battle and capture of Fort Hindman, Arkansas Post, in January, 1863. After the return of this part of the army to the vicinity of Vicksburg, General Smith was placed in command of the district of Corinth, from which post he was removed to take charge of the post of Columbus, Kentucky, in order to keep open the communications along the Mississippi River with General Grant's command, near the rebel strong-hold. Having cleared that part of Kentucky of guerrillas, General Smith was, on January 24, 1864, relieved of his post command, and ordered to lead the Third Division of the Sixteenth Corps in the Sherman expedition through Central Mississippi. After the return of the forces under General Sherman to the Mississippi River, General Smith was placed in command of the Red River Expedition, which he has so far led to victory.

HON. OWEN LOVEJOY.

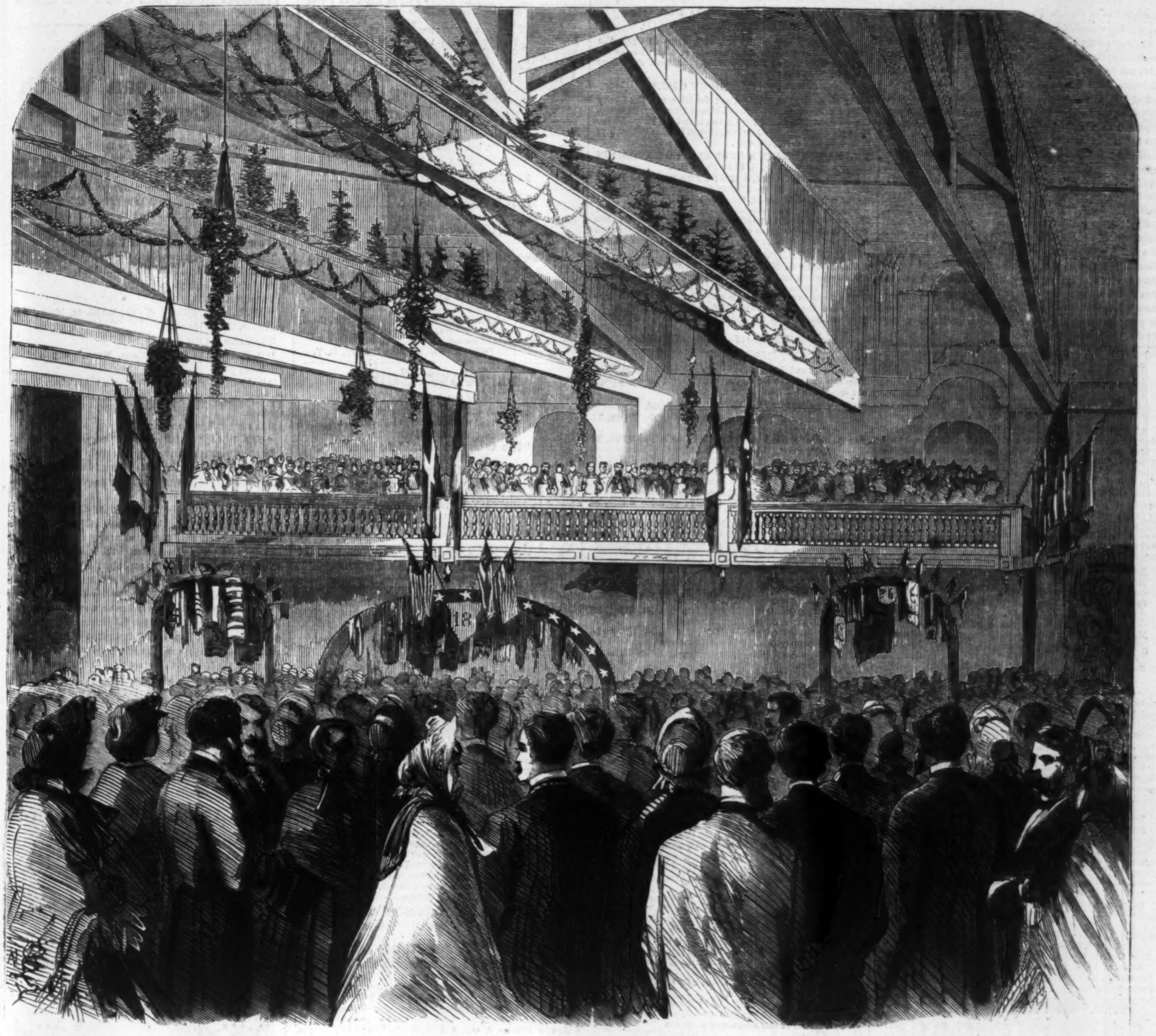
Hon. Owen Lovejoy, whose death was recorded last week, was born in Albion, Maine, on the 11th of January, 1811. His father was Rev. Dr. Daniel Lovejoy. Until eighteen years of age his time was spent on a farm. He then fitted for college, and worked his way through Bowdoin by his own exertions. He studied for the ministry, and in 1837 was in Alton, Illinois, when his oldest brother, Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, fell, as John Quincy Adams said, "*the first American martyr to the freedom of the press and the freedom of the slave.*" Over his dead body Owen, at the age of twenty-six, vowed a life-long hostility to the system of American slavery. The same year he became pastor of the Congregational Church at Princeton, Illinois, and held that relation until 1854, constantly maintaining resolute anti-slavery ground, leading his church to exclude slaveholders and apologists for slavery from its communion, and the community at large to protect all fugitive bondsmen seeking shelter on free soil. As the conflict with slavery deepened, Mr. Lovejoy was selected to represent the people in the Legislature, and subsequently, in 1858, was sent to Congress, where he at once took a commanding position, and became known, throughout the whole country, as an unconditional and courageous advocate of Liberty. He was emphatically a man who could not be put down, and even the enemies of his principles soon learned to respect his character and worth. In Congress, during the present war, he was one of the pillars of the Administration, taking such an intense interest in public measures that once, when unable from sickness to be present, he sent his views in writing to be read before the House. The Chicago *Tribune*, summing up the features of Mr. Lovejoy's character, says: "In public as well as in private life Mr. Lovejoy was a sincere, upright, thoroughly honest man. It is not believed that any man living or dead ever accused him of departing from the principles of strict integrity.

"At home, of late years, he has been a large and successful farmer, with fine improved breeds of cattle and fertile fields.

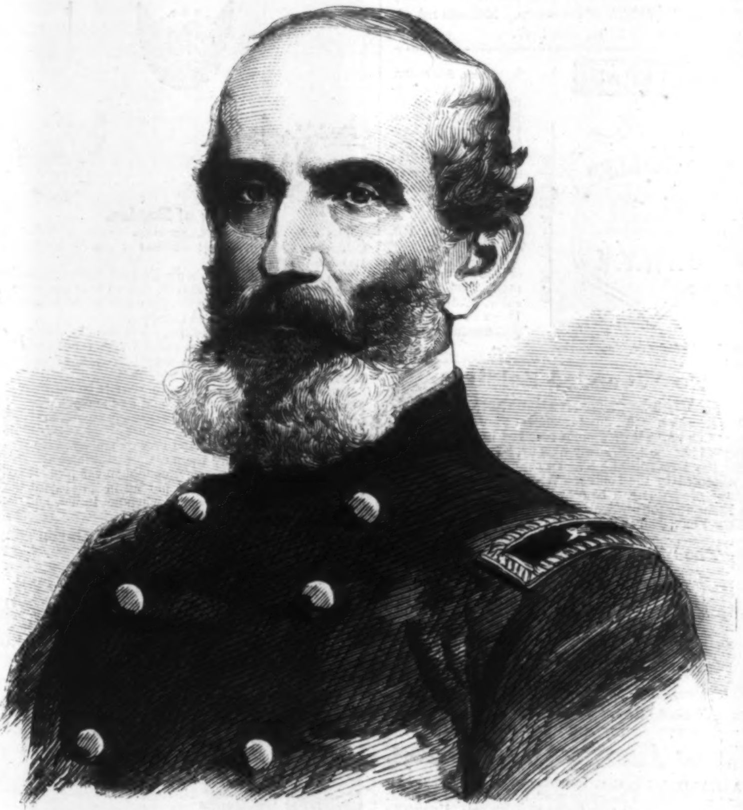
"In the bosom of his large family he was the idol of their affections, the most exemplary of husbands, the most indulgent of fathers. A widow and nine children are left to cherish his name and his virtues as a rich legacy, and to mourn what seems to them and to the world his untimely departure." Two brothers and one sister of Mr. Lovejoy are still living.


NEW JERSEY
FEE FO FUM

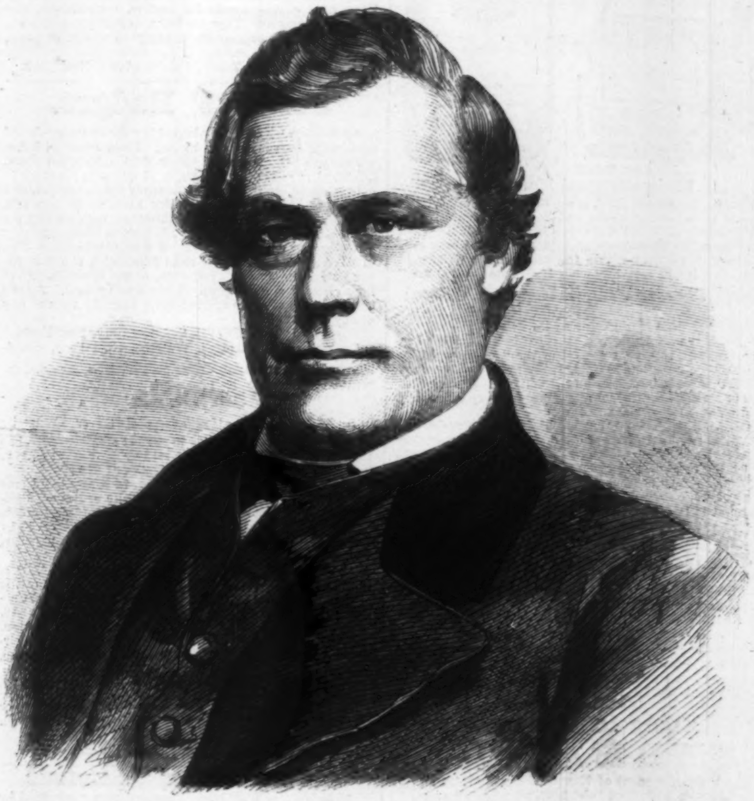
NEW JERSEY DEPARTMENT OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.—[See Page 246.]



GRAND OPENING OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.—[See Page 246.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON SMITH.—[See Page 251.]



THE LATE HON. OWEN LOVEJOY.—Photographed by Williamson, Brooklyn.—[See Page 251.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Morton's Gold Pens are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword" in next column.

LATEST INVENTION
IN
GOLD PENS.
JUST OUT.

After years of patient research it has been demonstrated now, for the first time, that a genuine Gold Pen, with an Iridium or Diamond Point, and possessing all the elasticity and durability of the highest price pen made, can be produced at prices far below anything of the kind heretofore offered. Years have been spent in trying to produce an elastic and diamond pointed pen at a low figure, and, until now, all attempts have been futile. We have nothing to say against parties advertising low-priced pens and calling them gold. We know that ours is the only solid gold and genuine diamond pointed and elastic pen in the market that can be sold anywhere near our prices.

Trade Prices by the Dozen.

No. 2. Medium Pen,	$3 50.
No. 3. Large Pen,	$3 75.
No 4. Engrossing Pen,	$4 50.
Silver Mounted Ebony Holders in Morocco Case, extra, per Dozen,	$4 00.

Sample Pens.

No. 2. Medium Pen,	40 cents.
No. 3. Large Pen,	50 cents.
No. 4. Engrossing Pen,	65 cents.
Silver Mounted Ebony Holders in Morocco Case, extra,	50 cents.

Warrantee.

We warrant every pen for one year, and to be solid gold, genuine Iridium or Diamond pointed, and to possess all the elasticity of the most expensive gold pen made.

We send sample pens to any address in the United States, postage paid, on receipt of price. Money properly registered and sealed comes at our risk.

GEORGE A. ELY & CO., Sole Manufacturers, No. 181 Broadway, New York.

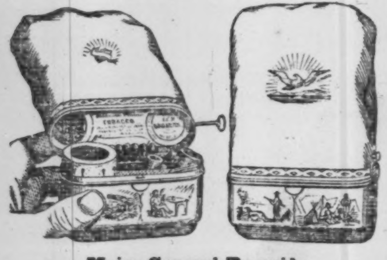
AMERICAN NEEDLE CO., 442 Broadway, N. Y.
J. W. Bartlett,
Needle Manufacturers for the Sewing Machines.

☞ *Bartlett's Burnished* Hand *Needles.* Try sample. Any quantity, any sizes. 250 for 50c., or with beautiful Needle Book, $1, by mail. "We find them superior to others for Sewing Machines or Hand Sewing." — Mme. Demorest.

NEW SEWING MACHINE ATTACHMENTS.
(Applicable to all Machines, sent free by mail everywhere.)
The Self Guide.
Guides the work itself perfectly; Hems, Tucks, &c. Price $1.
The Needle Setter with Guage.
Sets the Needle itself, and tells all the sizes. Price 25c.

Address J. W. Bartlett's Needle & S. M. F. Depot, 442 Broadway, N. Y. Discount to Agents; full directions accompany each.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT
SMOKING CASE.



Major-General Burnside

Writes, Jan. 29th, 1864, after thanks for what he is pleased to call our "useful and beautiful present" of a "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case." "It is the most complete thing for a *Smoking Apparatus* that I have ever seen, and so entirely within the reach of the *Soldier* in price, that it will certainly work itself into general use."

Gen'l Thomas Francis Meagher writes:

Feb. 5th, 1864.

To the Ridgewood Manufacturing Co.

Gentlemen;—I feel great pleasure in acknowledging, with many thanks, your present of the "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case," and beg sincerely to assure you of my belief, that your ingenious and beautiful little Invention will prove most convenient and useful to every Officer and Soldier, who can stand *Smoke as well as fire.*

And remain, faithfully yours, &c.

Compact and portable as a *Cigar Case,* it is offered in various styles at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, $3 00, $3 75 and $5 00, the two latter richly plated and engraved.

☞ *Single Cases* sent by mail, *free* to the *Army,* and everywhere, on receipt of *price* and **25** *cents.* A liberal Discount to Dealers and Sutlers. Also the

Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,

of *superior quality* and *flavor,* put up in Packages to fill the Case, and in various sizes for the *General Trade.* Also half pound package of this Fine Tobacco, full weight, (carefully put up,) sent by Mail, free, on receipt of $1 25. *All Orders* promptly filled.

OFFICE RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
429 Broadway, cor. Howard Street, New York.

DEMOREST'S N. Y. ILLUSTRATED NEWS. — This spicy and valuable Weekly will give some startling novelties this week. Do not fail to see it. Now ready.

Enameled Chamber
FURNITURE

The best assortment of Enameled Furniture in all colors and styles, walnut and chestnut, plain and ornamental, in suits, wholesale and retail. Also Mattresses and Paillasses. WARREN WARD, 277 Canal St., N. Y.

"The Pen is Mightier than the Sword."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description,* viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only:* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.

For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

"The 3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, course or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $12, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

Address, A. MORTON,
No. **25** Maiden Lane, New York.

Sensible Present
For a Soldier!

One of Howard's Patent Water and Sweat Proof Money Belts, with compartments for Letters, Greenbacks, and Card Photographs. They are light, durable, and elegant. Sent free to all parts of the country on receipt of price, Two Dollars.

HOWARD BELT CO., 436 Broadway, New York.

Soldiers' Badges.

All Soldiers who want a nice gold or silver Badge should send their orders directly to me. I am constantly forwarding to the Army solid silver shields, Trefoils, Stars, Diamonds, Crescents, Co. Pins, at $1 00 each; also in 18k. gold at $5 00 each. Crosses, Kearney Cross, Circles, and new styles Artillery and Cavalry Pins, at $1 25; 18k. gold, $5 00. Gold plated Co. Pins, 50c. each; $4 50 per doz. Badges enameled in Red, White, or Blue, for every Division, constantly on hand. A fine new Veteran Pin, in silver, $1 50. Also fine Gold Pens, with ebony or silver Extension Holder, $1 00 each, or $10 00 a doz. Send for a circular of new styles, all sent free by mail. Agents or getters-up of clubs treated more liberally than at any at any other house.

R. KEITH, 208 Broadway, New York,
Dealer in Army Badges, Watches, Gold Pens, Jewelry, &c.

WATCHES.

A Heavy Hunting Cased Silver Composite Watch, fine movements, and in perfect running order, has the appearance of Solid Silver, sold by the case at $72 00. Sample Watches, sent free of expense, at $14 00.

The Great English Army Watch, in heavy handsome gold composite hunting cases, beautifully engraved, highly finished and partially jeweled, and in running order. These cases will wear for a great length of time. Sold by the case at $78 00. Sample Watches sent free of expense, at $15 00.

The Great New Army Watch, especially for Soldiers, in heavy and beautifully finished solid silver hunting cases, genuine Lever movements, ruby jeweled, and warranted as represented, and a perfect time-keeper, only $18.

Constantly on hand Watches of every description. Agents wanted throughout the country. Send for our circular. Sample Watches sent free. Postage, by the case, $2 38; Registering, 20 cents.

WARRANTEE.

We warrant every Watch to be as represented, or money refunded. A written warrantee given if required.

GEORGE A. ELY & CO., Importers of,
No. 181 Broadway, N. Y.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

New Cavalry Badge, in Solid Silver, $1 50.

New Artillery and Battery Pin, in fine Gold Plate, $1 50.

New Battle Pin, with the likeness of either General, in fine Gold Plate, $1.

New Naval Pin, fine Gold Plate, $1 50.

New Pontonier's Pin, do., $1 50.

New Engineer's Pin, do., $1 50.

Also a Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps, Div., or Co. Pins, with your Name, Reg., and Co. handsomely engraved thereon, for $1. Liberal commission and premiums allowed to agents.

B. T. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

12th Regiment Ball.
IN AID OF THE
Widows and Orphans
OF
Deceased New York Soldiers.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, April 25, 1864.

I loved that dear old Flag the best. Why I love her. My love is on the battle-field. "Finnegan's Wake," piano. Excelsior music book; violin, flute, or cornet, each 25c. Musical Instruments; price list mailed on receipt of stamp.

FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery, N. Y.

A New Song
By the Author of
"Who will care for Mother now,"
"Mother would comfort me," &c., &c.
Entitled,
"He was not Afraid to Die."
Words and Music by
Charles Carroll Sawyer.

(The Colonel of one of our Regiments thus concludes a letter written to the family of a noble soldier, who was killed in battle; "You will always have these cheering words to console you—'He was not afraid to die!'")

The Music of this beautiful Song is published by SAWYER & THOMPSON, 59 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.

☞ Sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of the marked price, **30** cents.

Gray's Patent Molded Collars

Have now been before the public for nearly a year. They are universally pronounced the neatest and best fitting collars extant.

The upper edge presents a perfect curve, free from the angles noticed in all other collars.

The cravat causes no puckers on the inside of the turn-down collar—they are AS SMOOTH INSIDE AS OUTSIDE—and therefore perfectly free and easy to the neck.

The Garotte Collar has a smooth and evenly finished edge on both sides.

These Collars are not simply flat pieces of paper cut in the form of a collar, but are molded and shaped to fit the neck.

They are made in "Novelty" (or turn-down style), in every half-size from 12 to 17 inches, and in "Eureka" (or Garotte), from 13 to 17 inches; and packed in "solid sizes" in neat blue cartons, containing 100 each; also in smaller ones of 10 each—the latter a very handy package for Travellers, Army and Navy Officers.

☞ EVERY COLLAR is stamped

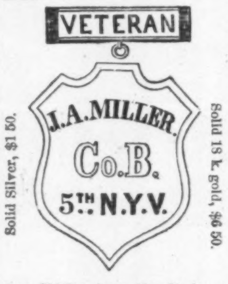
"Gray's Patent Molded Collar."

Sold by all dealers in Men's Furnishing Goods. The Trade supplied by

HATCH, JOHNSON & CO.,
81 Devonshire St., Boston.

J. S. Lowrey & Co., 37 Warren St., New York; Van Deusen, Boehmer & Co., 627 Chestnut St., Philadelphia; Hodges Bros., 23 Hanover St., Baltimore; Wall, Stephens & Co., 322 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; Leavit and Beavis, cor. Fifth and Vine St., Cincinnati, O.; J. von Borries & Co., 434 Main St., Louisville, Ky; A. Frankenthal & Bro., No. 6 Main St., St. Louis; Bradford Bros., Milwaukee, Wis.; Weed, Witters & Co., 7 to 13 Tchoupitoulas St., New Orleans.

Madame Benedict's MILLINERY and DRESS-MAKING Establishment is now REPLETE with every IMPORTED NOVELTY of the season. Milliners not admitted. 12 Waverly Place, *New York.*


VETERAN
J. A. MILLER.
Co. B.
5th N.Y.V.
Solid Silver, $1 50.
Solid 18 k. gold, $6 50.

Veteran Soldiers.

We are now prepared to furnish all kinds of Veteran Pins for all the Regiments and Corps now in the field, at $1 50 each. Also all the various Army Badges worn by the different Armies, by the single one, 100, or 1000.

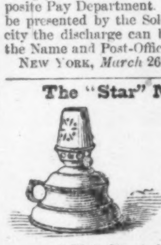
Sent to any part of the country by mail. Send for a circular. Address Drowne & Moore, Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.

To Wounded Soldiers
Who have been Discharged.

The Bounty of $100, due to Soldiers who have been discharged on account of wounds received in battle, is now being paid at the U. S. Army Agency, 64 Bleecker St., opposite Pay Department. The Discharge must in all cases be presented by the Soldier. When residing out of the city the discharge can be sent by mail, giving distinctly the Name and Post-Office address of the applicant.

New York, *March* 26th, 1864.

The "Star" No Chimney Burner.



For Kerosene Oil Lamps and Lanterns, gives a brilliant light free from smoke or smell, and need no chimney. We are now prepared to supply the increasing demand for this superior Burner, which everywhere gives satisfaction. Sample sent, post-paid, for 35 cts. Agents wanted.

P. ESSIG & CO., Manufacturers, 2 Platt Street, New York.

New Army Watches.

ARRANDALE & CO., Importers, 212 Broadway, New York, want Agents in every county and every regiment, for the sale of their new styles of Watches. Unusually liberal terms are offered to Agents. Send for circular.

Tooth Wash.

Burnett's Oriental Tooth Wash is worth all other dentifrices. Sold everywhere.

Caution
FROM
The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

We manufacture four styles of Watches:

The first has the name

"AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The second has the name

"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The third has the name

"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The fourth has the name

"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

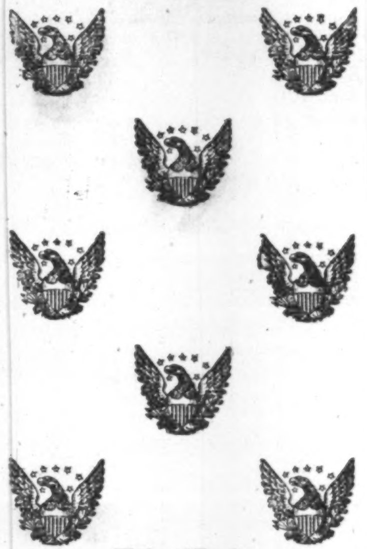
All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "Union Watch Co., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our Fourth or Wm. Ellery grade, usually known as the "Soldier's Watch;" others are named the "Appleton Watch Co.;" others the "P. S. BartLEY," instead of our P. S. Bartlett, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

American Card Company's New Union Playing Cards.
National Emblems.



Eight of Eagles.

The suits are Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags. Colonel in place of King; Goddess of Liberty for Queen; Major for Jack.

The Union Playing Cards are the first and only genuine American Cards ever produced, and as they are entered according to Act of Congress, they can be manufactured only by the American Card Company.

The Cards are rapidly taking the place of Cards bearing Foreign emblems. The demand for them is unprecedented in the Card Trade, and they will soon become the Leading Card in the American market.

In playing with these Cards, they are to be called by the names the emblems represent, and as the emblems are as familiar as household words everywhere among the people of the American Republic, they can be used as readily the first occasion as cards bearing Foreign emblems.

The Union Cards are the most pleasing and attractive card ever made. They are produced in the highest style of the art, and each pack is put up in an elegant Card Case, suitable to keep them in when not in use, and then in handsome dozen boxes for the trade.

Two Sample Packs in Card Cases sent, post-paid, on receipt of $1.

Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
14 Chambers St., or 165 William St., New York.

Extraordinary Novelties continually appearing in Demorest's New York Illustrated News. Do not fail to see this week's number, now ready, universally acknowledged the most spicy and fine weekly now published.

Wholesale and Retail.

Opera and Field-Glasses

Can see a man distance of 3 to 4 miles. Spectacles and Eye-Glasses with French flint glass. Also Microscopes of every description, from $1 to $50. B. H. HORN, Optician, 212 Broadway, cor. Fulton St., up stairs. Send Stamp for Circular.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

Of Articles to be sold for One Dollar each.

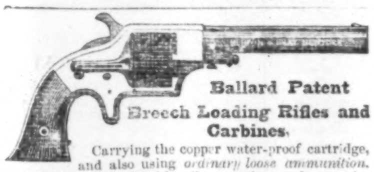
100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches.......	$115 00 each.
100 Gold Watches......................	70 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches..............	40 00 each.
500 Lad and Gent's Silver Watches..	18 00 each.
3000 and Neck Chains.........	5 00 to 10 00 each.
d Band Bracelets.........	5 00 to 10 00 each.
" " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
0 Cameo Brooches.............	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches.......	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches.	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops............	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops.	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100 Gent's Breast Pins...........	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys...................	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides.........	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Bosom Studs...........	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons................	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings...................	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings...............	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets.......................	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry...........	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils..........	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.



Ballard Patent Breech Loading Rifles and Carbines.

Carrying the copper water-proof cartridge, and also using *ordinary loose ammunition.* *This* arm is now admitted by all competitors to be superior to any other ever offered to the public. The great advantage of loading with either fixed or loose ammunition alone makes it superior to all others.

We also offer to the public our new Plant & Reynolds Cartridge and loose ammunition loading revolver. This arm has no equal as a belt or pocket weapon.

For further particulars send for descriptive circular.

P. S. Do not forget that both Rifles and Pistols may be used with either copper cartridge or loose ammunition.

MERWIN & BRAY, Sole Agents,
262 Broadway, N. Y.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

POLLAK & SON, MEERSCHAUM MANUFACTURERS, 357 BROOME ST., NEAR BOWERY, N. Y., sell wholesale and retail. Will send, free of charge, a genuine Pipe for 6 Dollars. Pipes of any shape cut to order and repaired.

Watches and Jewelry.

American, Swiss, and English

WATCHES

In every variety, in (my own) superior styles and quality of cases. Orders from the trade or army, large or small, promptly and faithfully attended to. Established 20 years. T. B. BYNNER, 175 Broadway, New York.

SOMETHING NEW

IN PLAYING CARDS.
LOVE SCENES.
Designs from French Artists.

The above new Card has fifty-two beautiful pictures, of elegant design, and they can also be used the same as ordinary playing cards, thus combining pleasure with amusement. Enclose 50 cents and two red stamps, and send for sample pack. $5 per dozen. Liberal discount by gross to dealers. H. A. CASWELL, 60 Nassau St., New York.

MME. DEMOREST'S IMPERIAL DRESS ELEVATOR, a very durable, convenient, and perfect arrangement for raising the dress in graceful festoons, the fashionable style, uniformly all around, and letting it down at will. Price 50 cents. Sold at all the fancy and trimming stores, or sent by mail free on receipt of the price. No. 473 Broadway. Dealers supplied on liberal terms.

BILLIARD BALLS.

Patent compressed Ivory Billiard Balls, 2½ and 2¾ in., $10 per set. 2 in. Bagatelle, $8 per set. 1¾ in. Bagatelle, $6 per set. 15 Ball Pool, $30 set. FRENCH CUE TIPS, $2 and $3 per box. FRENCH CHALK, $2 a gross. WM. M. WELLING, 207 Centre St., New York, Sign of the Golden Elephant.

New Catalogue of Jewelry

Sent free. Address
THOS. CAFFERTY & CO.,
Providence, R. I.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
14 Chambers St., N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Two Dollars made from twenty cts. Call and examine, or ten samples sent free by mail for 20c. Retails for $2, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

For 60 Cents,

THE ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for JAN., FEB., MARCH and APRIL. Sent by return post, or a year, for $1 50. To secure the PICTORIAL DOUBLE Numbers, with PHYSIOGNOMY, ETHNOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY and PSYCHOLOGY, with all the PORTRAITS of DISTINGUISHED MEN, send at once to FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Attention Company!

Clark's Onguent, a powerful stimulant. Each packet warranted to produce a full set of whiskers or moustaches in six weeks upon the smoothest face, without stain or injury to the skin. Any person using this Onguent, and finding it not as represented, by informing me of the fact, can have their money returned them at any time within 3 months from day of purchase. Price $1 00. Sent sealed and post-paid, to any address, on receipt of the money.

Address, A. C. CLARK,
P. O. Drawer 118,
Albany, N. Y.

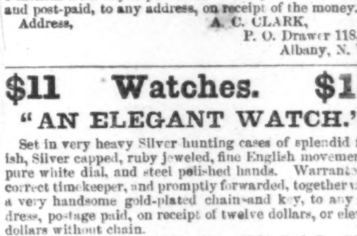
$11 Watches. $12

"AN ELEGANT WATCH."

Set in very heavy Silver hunting cases of splendid finish, Silver capped, ruby jeweled, fine English movements, pure white dial, and steel polished hands. Warranted a correct timekeeper, and promptly forwarded, together with a very handsome gold-plated chain and key, to any address, postage paid, on receipt of twelve dollars, or eleven dollars without chain.

C. E. CLARKE & Co., 208 Broadway, N.Y. P. O. Box 5650.

DEMOREST'S NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED NEWS, THE LIVE PAPER OF AMERICA.—Everybody and his wife are in ecstacies, and are complimenting DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS, as the most spicy, interesting, and live illustrated paper ever published. It needs only to be seen to be appreciated.



Patent Army Pipe, just out. Can be carried in the vest pocket, is self-cleaning, and an elegantly finished pipe; retail price 50c. each. One doz. sent free on receipt of $2 25. Agents make easy $16 per day, and receive as a present from us a superb gold or silver Watch. Send quick, and get the cream of the trade. 800 can be sold in every full regiment. Circulars of 20 new patented articles sent free.

RICHARDS & CO., Box 3131, 37 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y.

MME. DEMOREST'S MIRROR OF FASHIONS.—The Spring number of this magnificent Fashion Magazine, now ready, presents a brilliant display of beautiful novelties for the Spring Fashions, and some unusual and extraordinary attractions, among which is a large Double Mammoth Fashion Plate, twice the usual size, and the most beautiful Fashion Plate ever offered in a magazine in the world. The Spring number also contains Six Full Size Patterns, an elegant Braid Sheet, with much valuable information, &c., all for only 25 cents; or yearly subscription, $1, with a premium of One Dollar's worth of extra Patterns. Do not fail to subscribe immediately. The Agriculturist and Mirror of Fashions, furnished together, for $1 75. Arthur's or Peterson's Magazine and the Mirror of Fashions, $2 20; Godey's Lady's Book and the Mirror of Fashions, $2 75, less than the cost of Godey's alone. Splendid premiums for Clubs. Address Mme. DEMOREST, No. 473 Broadway, N. Y.

CARPET WARP.

WOOL TWINE.

Twines and Paper. H. A. HARVEY, 84 Maiden Lane, N.Y.

FALSE MOUSTACHES 50 cents and $1 a pair. Sent free by mail. Address, C. W. PHILO, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HANDSOMEST LADY IN AMERICA.—Her oil colored Photograph mailed for 25 cents, by MASON & Co., No. 58 N. SIXTH Street, Philadelphia.

BURNETT'S

Standard Flavoring Extracts

For Cooking Purposes.

THE SUPERIORITY OF THESE EXTRACTS CONSISTS IN THEIR

Perfect Purity and Great Strength.

We select the following testimonials:

POPULAR HOTELS.

"*Pre-eminently superior* to all others for culinary use."
PARKER HOUSE, Boston.

"*Superior to any* we have ever used."
REVERE HOUSE, Boston.

"Have used your Extracts for several years, and regard them *the best in the world.*"
FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, New York.

"Our test has proved them very excellent."
ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, New York.

"Have been found really superior by *thorough* and *exclusive* use in our Establishment for years."
CONTINENTAL HOTEL, Phila., Pa.

"Possess all the *rare qualities* claimed for them."
EUTAW HOUSE, Baltimore, Md.

"*Far superior* to any in the market."
WILLARD'S HOTEL, Washington, D. C.

Comment is unnecessary. Our standard quality will remain unimpaired.

These Extracts are for sale in every city and town in the United States and Canadas.

The best are the cheapest!

MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS,

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,

BOSTON.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $3500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

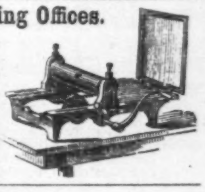
TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to Dr. Uncas Brant, Box 3531, New York. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

Military and Naval

COLLECTION and BANKING OFFICE.—SOMES, BROWN & Co., No. 2 Park Place, New York, adjust and collect every variety of just claims against the Government or States. Hand-Books containing laws, &c., sent by mail, free.

DEMOREST'S N. Y. ILLUSTRATED NEWS, a Weekly Journal of Illustrations on all live subjects, and a National and Family Newspaper in its most comprehensive sense. Published 90 Beekman Street. Sold everywhere.

Portable Printing Offices.



For the Army and Navy Hospitals, Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., six cents. Adams Press Co., No. 26 Ann St., N. Y., and 35 Lincoln St., Boston.

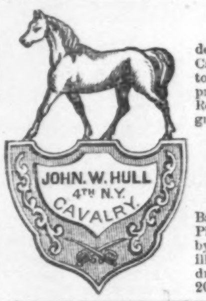
BAKER'S RHEUMATIC BALM,
BAKER'S FEVER COOLER,
BAKER'S COUGH MIXTURE,
BAKER'S CROUP ALLEVIATOR,
are four remedies which no family should ever be without. Price $1 per bottle each.

Also,

BAKER'S KIDNEY AND GRAVEL REMEDIES, which are invaluable. Price $5.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT: No. 154 Tenth Street, near Fourth Avenue. Sold by the principal Druggists.

Remedies sent to any address upon receipt of price.



Cavalry Badges.

Annexed is a fac-simile design of our newest style Cavalry Badge. Sent free to any address on receipt of price, with Name, Co., and Regiment handsomely engraved thereon.

Solid Silver........	$3 00
Solid Silver, letters in gold relief.....	3 50
Solid gold..........	8 00
Solid gold enameled.	9 00

Also new style Artillery Badge, and every style Co. Pin and Corps Badge worn by the Army. Send for our illustrated Catalogue. Address C. L. BALCH & CO., 208 Broadway, N. Y.

A GREAT CHANCE

FOR BOOK AGENTS.

D. APPLETON & CO., Nos. 443 and 445 Broadway, N. Y., have in press—CYCLOPÆDIA OF COMMERCIAL AND BUSINESS ANECDOTES: Comprising interesting Reminiscences and Facts, Remarkable Traits and Humors, and Notable Sayings, Dealings, Experiences, and Witticisms of Merchants, Traders, Capitalists, Mercantile Celebrities, Millionaires, Bargain-Makers, etc., in all ages and countries. Designed to exhibit, by nearly Three Thousand Illustrations, Anecdotes, and Incidents, the Piquancies and Pleasantries of Trade, Commerce, and General Business Pursuits. Illustrated with steel plate portraits and wood engravings. 2 vols. 8vo, $6. *To be published by subscription.*

AGENTS WANTED in EVERY SECTION to CANVASS the WORK. Prospectuses, giving a full plan of the book, now ready, and will be sent to any address on application.

POPULAR GLEE BOOKS.

MUSICAL LYRA. A New Collection of Glees, Quartets, Duets, Trios, Choruses, &c., $1. Young Folks' Glee Book, $1. The Western Bell. $1. Union Star, 60 cts. Tuneful Hours, $1. Family Circle Glee Book, a collection with Piano Accompaniments, 2 vols., each, $1 50. Boston Melodeon, 3 vols., each, $1. Boston Glee Book, $1 25. Tyrolean Lyre, $1. Concordia, 30 cts. Jenny Lind Glee Book, $1. National Glee Book, $1. Copies sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of the price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

G. L. & J. B. KELTY,
WINDOW SHADE MANUFACTURERS,
359 BROADWAY.

White Holland for Shades. Only Agents for Bray's Patent Fixtures.

LACE CURTAINS

New Spring Styles for 1864.
G. L. & J. B. KELTY, 359 Broadway, N Y.

Soldiers Robbed.

Thousands of Soldiers have been robbed of their money and other valuables, from time to time, for the want of just such an article as Howard's Patent Money Belt. They are water and sweat proof, and are made with compartments for Letters, Greenbacks, and Photographs. Sample Belt sent free by return mail, to any part of the country, on receipt of price, Two Dollars.
HOWARD BELT CO., 436 Broadway, New York.

A FINE COLLECTION OF

VIOLIN MUSIC

Is contained in "Winner's Perfect Guide for the Violin." The pieces have been selected with great care, and comprise many of the new and popular Melodies of the day, while the easy and agreeable lessons the book contains, render it the best work that can be put in the hands of beginners. Price only 50 cts. Sent post-paid.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

Just what every Family wants. Savage & Co.'s No Chimney Burner for Hand Lamps and Lanterns, burns Kerosene Oil with a brilliant light without chimney, smoke, or odor. Saves 25 per cent. Office 202 Fulton St., N. Y. Agents wanted. Send for circular. Sample sent free for 50 cts. American Institute awarded 1st Premium and Medal, 1863.

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE.

CONJURING!

The whole art of Conjuring made easy, with full directions for performing 150 of the most wonderful and astounding Feats of Hocus Pocus, Sleight-of-Hand, Ventriloquism, and Legerdemain. Profusely illustrated. Price 15 cents. Sent, post-paid, by mail. Address
M. M. SANBORN, Stanhope, N. J.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW a little of everything relating to the human system, diet, air, marriage, etc., etc., read *revised and enlarged* edition of

MEDICAL COMMON SENSE.

Among the many subjects treated in this work are the following: Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Piles, Liver, and Philosophy of Digestion, Constipation, Affections of the Urinary Organs, Barrenness, Rupture, Salt Rheum, Cancer, Paralysis, Diseases of the Heart, Neuralgia, How to Recover the Sight and throw aside Spectacles, Marriage, the Curious Marriage Customs of the World, Philosophy of Elopements, a Chapter for the Married, and a thousand things of value to married and single never written before, making, altogether, a curious book for curious people, and a good book for every one. 400 pages; 100 illustrations. Contents tables sent free by mail to all applicants, or the book forwarded by mail, postage paid, on receipt of $1 50. Address E. B. FOOTE, M.D., No. 1130 Broadway, N. Y.

Perce's Patent Magnetic Globe

For the illustration of the power of the Earth's attraction, and for other beautiful and instructive experiments. Price $3 50. Send for a circular. Sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price. Also Perce's Compound Magnet, a powerful instrument. Price $2 50. Address
E. PERCE, 36 Beekman St., Box 5561, P. O., N. Y.

Before and Behind the Curtain.—12 Photographs, representing the advantages and disadvantages of the Stage box. Introduction; Subscribers' Privilege; Success; Rataplan; Rehearsal; The Audience; Ladies' Dressing Room; Gentlemen's Dressing Room; The Lobby; The Private Box. Price $2 per set, and sent, post-paid, by Richard Parker & Co., cor. Ann and Nassau Sts.

The Graefenberg Company's

Uterine Catholicon (Marshall's),

An infallible cure for "Female Weakness," and all Uterine complaints of women.

Price **$1 50** per bottle. Five bottles for **$6.**

The Graefenberg Vegetable Pills.

The best Pill in the world for family use, and for all Bilious and Liver complaints. Price **25** cents per box.

Address all orders to J. F. BRIDGE, M.D.,
Resident Physician GRAEFENBERG COMPANY,
No. **139** William Street, near Fulton, New York.

JUST PUBLISHED:

A Treatise on Military Surveying.

THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL, including a description of Surveying Instruments. By G. H. MENDELL, Captain of Engineers. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, $2. Sent by mail on receipt of price.
D. VAN NOSTRAND, 192 Broadway, N. Y.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year.......	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year.......	5 50

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 75 each, or 11 Copies for $27 50.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TERMS.

One Copy for Four Months.......	$1 00
One Copy for One Year.......	3 00
One Copy for Two Years.......	5 50

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 75 each, or 11 Copies for $27 50. *Payment invariably in advance.*

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar* per line for inside, and *One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for outside Advertisements each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.